

THE
WORKS
OF
M^r William Shakespear.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,
TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



L O N D O N:

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T I M O N
O F
A T H E N S.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *two flattering Lords.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

SEMPRONIUS, *another flattering Lord.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*

CAPHIS,
VARRO,
PHILOTAS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS,
ISIODORE, } *several Servants to Usurers.*

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

CUPID and Maskers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant ; with divers Servants and Attendants.

SCENE **ATHENS**, *and the Woods not far from it.*

*The hint of part of this play taken from Lucian's
Dialogue of Timon.*

TIMON



TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Timon's House.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several doors.*

Poet. **G**OOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes
the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold Record not matches? see,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodness.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't.

For the Lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[Repeating to himself.

[Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich ; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slip't idly from me.
Our poesie is as a gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not 'till it be struck : our gentle flame
Provokes it self, — and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, Sir : — and when comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir,
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis,

This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable ! how this grace
Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life :
Here is a touch — is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature, artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed !

Poet. The senators of Athens ! happy man !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it self
In a wide sea of wax * ; no levell'd malice

* Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style.

Infects

TIMON of Athens.

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Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
It flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry natures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their service to Lord *Timon* : his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to make himself abhorr'd ; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The base o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states ; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign Lady fixt,
One do I personate of *Timon*'s frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' scope :
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckn'd from the rest below
Bowing his head against the steepy mount,
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Ev'n on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew Lord *Timon*, that men's eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

SCENE II.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Timon* addressing himself courteously to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.

Mes. Ay, my good Lord, five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well ——
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me,
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well,

Mes. All happiness to your Honour.

[Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

O. Atb. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

O. Atb. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

O. Atb. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*!

TIMON of Athens.

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Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's service.

O. Atb. This fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

O. Atb. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
My self have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

O. Atb. Therefore he will obey *Timon*.
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

O. Atb. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

O. Atb. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

O. Atb. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

O. Atb. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not own'd to you! [*Ex. Luc. and O. Ath.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your Lordship!

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painted is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature
He is but out-side: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; Give me your hand,
We must needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my Lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would undo me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their masters priz'd; Believ't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here.

S C E N E III. *Enter Apemantus.*

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good-morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus*!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good-morrow;
When I am *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim.

TIMON of Athens.

II

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st

Apem. Are they not *Atbenians*? [them not.]

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Atbenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The better, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No, I eat not Lords.

Tim. If thou should'st, thou'dst anger Ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords, so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy self?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wit to be a Lord.
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and so thy God confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us;
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
'Till I have thank't you; and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir!

[*Bowing and embracing.*]

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints! that there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesie! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have even sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. Ay, that time serves still.

Apem.

Apem. The more accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy self.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog; or — I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass.

[*Exit Apem.*]

Luc. He's opposite to all humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste Lord *Timon's* bounty?

He sure outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his stew'rd: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it self; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Room in Timon's House.

*Hautboys playing, loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in;
and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and
other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes,
dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the Gods

To call my father's age unto long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

VOL. VII.

B

Ho-

Honest *Ventidius* : you mistake my love,
 I gave it freely ever, and there's none
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown :
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than they to me. [*They sit down.*]

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, *Apemantus* ! you are welcome.

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome. I come
 to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th' art a churl ; ye have got a humour there
 Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :
 They say, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,
 But yonder man is ever angry. Go,
 And let him have a table by himself :
 For he does neither affect company,
 Nor is he fit for it indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon* : I come to ob-
 serve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; th' art an *Athenian*, there-
 fore welcome ; I my self would have no power, pr'ythee
 let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me : for I
 should ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods ! what a number
 of men eat *Timon*, and he sees it not ! It grieves me to see
 So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
 And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
 I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
 Methinks they should invite them without knives,
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
 There's much example for't, the fellow that
 Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
 The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.
Were I a great man, I should fear to drink,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My Lord, in heart ; and let the health go round ;

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way ! — a brave fellow ! he keeps his
tides well ; those healths will make thee and thy state look
ill, *Timon.* Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
honest water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire :
'This and my food are equal, there's no odds ;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no self ;

I pray for no man but my self ;

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond ;

Or a harlot for her weeping,

Or a dog that seems a sleeping,

Or a keeper with my freedom,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen, Amen : So fall to't :

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus !*

Tim. Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than
a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no
meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies
then ; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em !

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my Lord, that
you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express
some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever
perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods
themselves have provided that I shall have as much help
from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have
you that character and title from thousands, did not you

chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you; oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wisht my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest but to make them drink thee, *Timon*,
Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much,
Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid with a Mask of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to the worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom.
Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise:
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Let musick make their welcome.

Luc. You see, my Lord, how amply you're below'd.

Apem.

Apem. Hoyday! why, what a sweep of vanity
Comes this way! And they dance, they are mad women,
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.
We make our selves fools, to disport our selves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 'T has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun,

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon, each
singles out a Lady, and all dance, men with women, a
lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures very much grace, fair
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [Ladies,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Please
you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Tim. *Flavius!*

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is no
crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him — well — i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could:

'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

Luc. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Lucul. Our horses.

Tim. O my good friends !
I have one word to say to you : look, my Lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind Lord !

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts —

All. So are we all. (*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.*)

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word ; it
does concern you near.

Tim. Me near ? why then another time I'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Ser. May it please your Honour, Lord *Lucius*, out of
his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses
trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now ? what news ?

3 Ser. Please you, my Lord, that honourable gentle-
man, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to
hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of
grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to ?
Here he commands us to provide, and give
Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer :
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no pow'r to make his wishes good ;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes

For

TIMON of Athens.

19

For ev'ry word : he is so kind, that he
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office !
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed,
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

[Exit.

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, you bate too much
of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will re-
ceive it.

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good
words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours,
because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no
man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh
my friends affection with my own, I tell you true: I'll
call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
I'll come in charity to thee ; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I despise land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound —

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd —

Tim. All to you. Lights ! more lights, more lights.

3 Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep you, Lord *Timon* —

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt Lords.

SCENE VIII.

Apem. What a coil's here,
Screwing of backs, and jutting out of burns !
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That

That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, *Timon*, I fear
me thou wilt give away thy self in *perpetuum* shortly.
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with
better musick. [Exit.]

Apem. So—thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.
I'll lock the heaven from thee.

Oh, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. **A**ND late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*;
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceast
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with

Commend

Commend me to your master — and the cap
 Play'ng in the right hand, — thus — but tell him, firrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand: for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
 Who flashes now a Phoenix — get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. Ay go, Sir: take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in count.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Timon's Hall.*

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his band.

Flav. No care, no stop, so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
 How things go from him, and resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: never mind
 Was, to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? — he will not hear, 'till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Cap. It is; and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd!

* The two last are but Servants to *Isidore* and *Varro*, here call'd by their Masters names as is usual among Servants with one another.

Var.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades*.—Well, what is your will?

[They present their Bills.]

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off,
To the succession of new days, this month;
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contain thy self, good friend.

Var. One *Varro's* servant, my good Lord—

Isid. From *Isidore*, he prays your speedy payment—

Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks, and
past—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on, *[Exe. Lords.]*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither:
How goes the world that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim.

TIMON of Athens.

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Tim. Do so, my friends ; see them well entertain'd.

[Exit Timon.

Flav. Pray draw near.

[Exit Flavius.

SCENE III. Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus, let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

Isid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on it yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers men ! bawds between gold and want !

All. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All. Gramercy, good fool : how does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good ! gramercy !

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. Why, how now, captain ? what do you in this wise company ? how dost thou, Apemantus ?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters ; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page.

Page. Thou wast whelp't a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timon's*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home —

You three serve three usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I — as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Fool. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

Var. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a Lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt all but Timon and Flavius.*]

SCENE

TIMON of Athens.

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SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me?
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me:
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.

Flav. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time.
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future come apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
Make good our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good Lord, the world is but a world;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falshood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,

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When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie ;
 I have retir'd me to a wastefull cock,*
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Flav. Heav'ns ! have I said, the bounty of this Lord !
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutted ! who now is not *Timon's* ?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord *Timon's* ?
 Great *Timon's* ; noble, worthy, royal *Timon's* ?
 Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
 Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showres,
 These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
 No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart ;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
 Why dost thou weep ? canst thou all conscience lack
 To think I shall lack friends ? secure thy heart ;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts !

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
 That I account them blessings ; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes : in my friends I'm wealthy.
 Within there, Ho ! *Flaminius, Servilius* !

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.
 You to Lord *Lucius* — to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
 with his Honour to-day — you to *Sempronius* — commend

* By Cock here is meant a Cockloft, a Garret : and a wastefull cock signifies a Garret lying waite, neglected, put to no use.

me to their loves, and I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony; let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum —

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators; [To *Flavius*.

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,

(For that I knew it the most gen'ral way,) To them to use your signet and your name; But they do shake their heads, and I am here No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice, That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot Do what they would; are sorry — You are honourable — But yet they could have wish'd — they know not — but Something hath been amiss — a noble nature May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity — And so intending other serious matters, After distasteful looks, and these hard factions, With certain half caps, and cold-moving nods, They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods, reward them!

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows Have their ingratitude hereditary: Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows, 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind; And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. Go to *Ventidius* — pr'ythee be not sad, Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak, No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd Into a great estate; When he was poor, Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends, I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me, Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flaw. Would I could not : that thought is bounty's foe ;
 Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The House of Lucullus in the City.

Flaminius waiting, enter a Servant to him.

Ser. I Have told my Lord of you ; he is coming down
 to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon's* men ? a gift, I warrant —
 Why, this hits right : I dreamt of a silver basin and ewre
 to-night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very re-
 spectively welcome, Sir ; fill me some wine. And how does
 that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of *Athens*,
 thy very bountifull good Lord and master ?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir ; and
 what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius* ?

Flam. 'Faith nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in
 my Lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply ;
 who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents,
 hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting
 your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — Nothing doubting, says he
 alas, good Lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not
 keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd
 with him, and told him on't ; and come again to supper to
 him on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would
 embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming ; every
 man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him
 on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul.

Lucul. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee — Get you gone, firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest *Flaminus*; thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (although thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ.
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness,
To him that worship's thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and come to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O may diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part
Of nurture my Lord paid for, be of power
To expel sickness, or prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A publick Street.*

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend,
and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but
strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord,
and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord *Timon's*

happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now before the Gods I am ashamed on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he o'er-look'd him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour. — My honour'd Lord — [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. He's only sent his present occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply is instant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He can't want fifty times five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so fervently.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my soul 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure my self against such a good time, when I might have shewn my self honourable!

honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour! *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do — (the more beast I, say) — I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

Luc. I'll look you out as good a turn, *Servilius*.
True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this now, *Hofilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul;
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit:
Who can call him his friend that dips with him
In the same dish? for even in my knowing,
Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse:
Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
He does deny him in respect of his
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part
I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
Most generous and honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the best half should have attorn'd to him,

So

So much I love his heart : but I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispence,
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others? —
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus* ;
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh my Lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Have *Lucius* and *Ventidius* and *Lucullus*
Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? friends, like physicians,
Tried give him over, and must I take the cure
On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my place; I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received any gift from him.
And does he think so backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it last? so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst Lords I shall be thought a fool;
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:
I'd such a courage to have done him good.

But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

Ser. Excellent! your Lordship's a goodly villain. The
devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick;
he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but in the end
the policy of man will set him clear. How fairly this Lord
strives not to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked :
like

like those that under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my Lord's best hope ; now all are fled,

Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows ;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. *[Exit,*

SCENE IV. Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius,

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro,

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together ?

Luc. I think one business does command us all.

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir Philotas's too.

Pbi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour ?

Pbi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much ?

Pbi. Is not my Lord seen yet ?

Luc. Not yet.

Pbi. I wonder : he was wont
To shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but now the days
Are waxed shorter with him : you must consider.

That such a prodigal course is like the sun's,

But not like his recoverable, I fear :

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse ;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Pbi. I am of your fear for that,

Tit. I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event :
Your Lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. Against my heart.

Tit. How strange it shews, *Timon* in this should pay
More than he owes! and e'en as if your Lord
Should wear rich jewels and send money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis much too deep, and it should seem by th' sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminius*! Sir, a word: pray is my Lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship; pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are
Too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir —

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws.
You do your selves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly: —

Believ't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav.

Flaw. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd Worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what—he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,

My Lord leans wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsok him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [Within.] *Servilius*, help—my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE V.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place which I have feasted, does it now
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em—cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What's yours — and yours ?

Var. My Lord —

Cap. My Lord —

Tim. Here, tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you !

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their mony ; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors ! — devils.

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so —

Flav. My dear Lord,

Tim. I'll have it so — My steward !

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly ! — Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All —

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my Lord !

You only speak from your distracted soul ;

There's not so much left as to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care :

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide

Of knaves once more : my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI. *The Senate-House.*

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's
'Tis necessary he should die ; [bloody ;

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Alc. Health, honour, and compassion to the senate !

1 Sen. Now, captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues,

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lye heavy

Upon

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
 Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
 To those that without heed do plunge into't.
 He is a man, setting this fact aside,
 Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
 But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe:
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave in's anger ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

I Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour; which indeed
 Is valour mis-begot, and came into th' world
 When sects and factions were but newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His out-sides, wear them like his rayment, carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My Lord!—

I Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear,
 It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battel,
 And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then sure women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh my Lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good ;
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,
 But in defence, by mercy 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety :
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain ? his service done

At *Lacedaemon*, and *Bizantium*,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life,

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

Alc. I say, my Lords, h'as done fair service ; slain
 In battle many of your enemies ;
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
 Is a sworn rioter ; he has a sin
 Oft' drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.
 Were there no foes, that were enough alone
 To overcome him. In that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate ! he might have dy'd in war.
 My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none ;) yet more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
 And for I know, your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories,
 My honours to you, on his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure : friend, or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be :
My Lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How!

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What, Sir!

Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me,
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace,
My wounds ake at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!

Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That make the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days shine, *Athens* contains thee;
Attend our weightier judgment.

2 Sen. And, (not to swell our spirit,) he shall then
Be executed presently. [Exit.]

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I my self,
Rich only in large hurts. — All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains wounds? ha! Banishment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Timon's House.*

Enter divers Senators at several Doors.

1 Sen. The good time of the day to you, Sir!

2 Sen. I also wish it to you: I think this honourable
Lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we en-
countred.

countred. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir — here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both — and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble Lord, —

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheer?

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 Sen. My most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your Lordship t' other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

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2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

3 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

Botb. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so —

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make your selves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are — The rest of your foes, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction: For these my friends — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

D 3

Tim.

Sen:

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water
 Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last,
 Who stuck and spangled with your flatteries
 Washes them off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reaking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks;
 Of man and beast the infinite maladies
 Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physick first — thou too — and thou —

[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn house, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be

Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord *Timon's* fury?

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour
 sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now
 he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt.

* Meaning probably the *ignis fatuus* often call'd *Jack* with a lantern, appearing and vanishing in a minute.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the walls of Athens.**Enter Timon.*

Tim. **L**ET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads: to general filth
 Convert o' th' instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is i' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 And with it beat his brains out. Fear and piety,
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And let confusion live! plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the *Albanian* bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosie! breath infect breath,
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou town detestable!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.

The

The Gods confound (hear me, you good Gods all)
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall ;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low ! [Exit.

S C E N E II. *Timon's House.*

Enter Flavius with two or three Servants.

1 *Ser.* Hear you, good master steward, where's our master ?
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you ?
 Let it be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a house broke !
 So noble a Master fall'n ! all gone ! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him !

2 *Ser.* As we turn our backs
 From our companion thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like Contempt, alone.— More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house !

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
 That see I by our faces ; we are fellows,
 Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
 Into the sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Where-ever we shall meet for *Timon's* sake,
 Let's yet be fellows : shake our heads, and say,
 (As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;
 Nay, put out all your hands ; not one word more,
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[He gives them money, they embrace and part several ways.

Oh

Oh the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
 But in a dream of friendship ?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted like his varnish'd friends ?
 Poor honest Lord ! brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness : strange unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
 For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest Lord, blest to be most accus'd,
 Rich only to be wretched ; thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord !
 He's slung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it :
 I'll follow after and enquire him out.
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

S C E N E III. *The Woods.**Enter Timon.*

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity : below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth
 Scarce is divided, touch with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser : Not ev'n nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But with contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and degrade that Lord,
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour :
 It is the pasture lards the weather's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer ?* if one be,
 So' are they all, for every greeze of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate

Ducks

Ducks to the golden fool : All is oblique,
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures
 But direct villainy. Then be abhorr'd,
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, *Timon* disdains.
 Destruction phang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !

[*Digging the earth.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate
 With thy most operant poison ! — What is here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, Gods !
 I am no idle votarist. Roots, clear heav'ns !
 Thus much of this will make black, white ; foul, fair ;
 Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
 You Gods ! why this ? — why this ? you Gods ! — why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides :
 Pluck sick mens pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation
 With senators on the bench : this, this is it
 That makes the waped widow wed again ;
 Her, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature — [*March afar off.*] Ha ! a drum ? —
 thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee — thou'lt go (strong thief)
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

SCENE IV.

*Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife, in warlike manner,
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there ? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart
 For shewing me again the eyes of man !

Alc. What is thy name ? is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thy self a man ?

Tim.

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*; and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well :

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange,

Tim. I know thee too, and more than as I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
And with man's blood paint all the ground gules, gules ;
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel,
Then what should war be ? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Pbry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon* ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou
wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a
man : if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a
man !

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra* ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not that use thee :
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust :
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alc.

Tim.

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens* is mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states
But for thy sword and fortune had trod on them.

Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap —

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy conquest,
And after, Thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. But why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing villains
Thou wast born to make conquest of my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one;
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps
That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort their mercy;
Think it a bastard, who, the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd, thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear 'gainst all objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion ; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy self ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon thee !

Botb. Give us some gold, good *Timon* : hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores abundant. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant ; your not oathable,

Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues

Th'immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths :

I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up :

Let your close fire predominate his smোক,

And be no turn-coats : yet may your pains exterior

Be quite contrary ; make false hair, and thatch

Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,

Some that were hang'd, no matter :

Wear them, betray with them ; and whore on still.

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face ;

A pox of wrinkles !

Botb. Well, more gold — what then ?

Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions low

In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,

And mar mens sparring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,

And not believes himself. Down with the nose,

Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away

Of him, that his particular to forsee

Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians

Quite bald, and let the uncarr'd braggarts of

The war derive some pain from you. Plague all ;

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That

Whose

That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Botb. More counsel with more mony, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I've given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rd *Athens*; farewell, *Timon*;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt Alcib. Phrynia and Timandra.*]

SCENE V.

Tim. That Nature being sick of man's unkindness
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puffed,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
With all th'abhorred births below crisp heav'n
Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons do's hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Then fear thy fertile and conception's womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented — O, a root — dear thanks!
Dry up thy meadows, vineyards, plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,
And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips —

SCENE VI. Enter Apemantus.

More man ? plague, plague !

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate ; consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care ?
Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lye soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these weeds,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee ; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus :
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers : 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal : hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

Apem. Thou'ast cast away thyself, being like thy self,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd trees
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit : Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhousted trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer meer nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
Oh ! thou shalt find —

Tim. A fool of thee ; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse : thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. Only to vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thy self in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What a knave thou !

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
Dost it enforcedly : thou'dst courtier be
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-strips incertain pomp, is crown'd before it :
The one is filling still, never compleat ;
The other, at high wish : Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt ; bred but a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command ; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty more than I could frame employments ;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak ; yet with one winter's brush
Fall'n from their boughs, have left me open, bare
For every storm that blows ; I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men ?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given ?

If thou wilt curse, thy father that poor rag
Must be thy subject, who in spight put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone —
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone —
That the whole life of *Athen* were in this!

Thus would I eat it. * [Eating a root,

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athen*?

Tim. Thine thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st a-nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a-days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where

My stomach finds meat, rather where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it then?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy
gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee, for too much
courtesy; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd

* Thus would I eat it.

Apem. Here will I mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou, &c.

for the contrary. * What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou'dst live but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. † Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were

* ----- the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thy self better now.

What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things, &c.

† The account given of the Unicorn is this: that he and the Lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the Lion sees the Unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: The Unicorn in his fury and with all the swiftness of his course running at him sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the Lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal,*

not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already,
and seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me,
thou might'st have hit upon it here. The commonwealth
of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out
of the city?

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

Tim. I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. I would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I
shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;

Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That lyes on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,

O thou sweet King-killer, and dear divorcee

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler

Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*,

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,

That lyes on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,

That souldrest close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue

To

To every purpose! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. Would 'twere so,
But not 'till I am dead! I'll say th' hast gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee: live and love thy misery:
Long live so or so die, so I am quit.
Mo things like men? eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.

[*Seeing the Thieves.*

Apem. The plague of company light upon thee! I will
fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what
else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt
be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than *Apemantus*.
[*Exit Apem.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Thieves.*

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some
poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the meer
want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into
this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care
not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve
it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*!

Tim. Now, thieves!

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both, both, and womens sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.
Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots;

Within

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
 The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips.
 The bounteous huswife nature on each bush
 Lays her full mæls before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief*. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes.

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profess; that you work not
 In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape
 'Till the high feaver seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob, takes wealth, and life together.

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln

From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,

Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,

Break open shops, for nothing can you steal

But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what

I give, and gold confound you howsoever! *Amen*. [*Exit*.

3 *Thief*. H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,
 by perswading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in his malice to mankind, that he thus
 advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over
 my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in *Athens*.

2 *Thief*.

2 *Thief*. There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius to Timon.

Flav. O H you Gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my Lord? Full of decay and failing? oh monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What change of honour desp'rate want has made! What viler thing upon the earth, than friends, Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends? How rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wisht to love his enemies! Grant I may ever love and rather woo Those that would mischief me, than those that do. H'as caught me in his eye, I will present My honest grief to him; and, as my Lord, Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men. Then if thou gratest that thou art a man I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest servant.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love 'Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st [thee, Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give, But or through lust, or laughter. *

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,

* ---- or laughter. Pity's sleeping; Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Flav. I beg of ----

T' accept

T' accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face: surely, this man
Was born of woman.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless raffiness,
Perpetual-sober Gods! I do proclaim

One honest man: mistake me not, but one.

No more I pray, and he's a steward too.

How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thy self: but all save thee
I sell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise:

For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first Lord's neck. But tell me true,

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

An usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flaw. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;

Suspect still comes when an estate is least.

That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love,

Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

For any benefit that points to me

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man,

Here, take; the Gods out of my misery

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:

But thus condition'd; thou shalt build from men:

Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none,

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
 And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O let me stay
 And comfort you, my master!

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
 Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where
 he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour
 hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Pbrynna* and *Ti-
 mandra* had gold of him; he likewise enrich'd poor strag-
 gling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his
 steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal of
 his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens*
 again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not
 amiss we tender our loves to him in this suppos'd distress of
 his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load
 our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and
 true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I
 will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent
 that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best; Promising is the very air o'th'
 time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is
 ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and
 simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To
 promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a
 kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in
 his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter

Re-enter Timon from his Cave, unseen, but over-bearing him.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Pain. Nay, let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poet. True:

While the day serves, before black-corneted night,
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn —
What a God's gold, that he is worshipped
In baser temples, than where swine do feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave;
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
For whose most thankless natures (abhorr'd spirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough:
What! ev'n to you! Whose star-like nobleness
Gave life and influence to their being! I'm rapt,
And cannot cover the monstrous bulk of this
Ingratitude with any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and my self,
Have travell'd in the shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Botb. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men; you've heard that I have gold,
I'm sure you have; speak truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man! thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say — And for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault;
Marry, not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Botb. 'Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Botb. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Botb. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Botb. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, and feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such,
My Lord.

Post. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; not two in company,
Each man apart, all single and alone;
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be, [*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him*.—If *thou* wouldst not reside [*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.

Hence, pack, there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves;
You have work'd for me; there's your payment, hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit beating and driving 'em out.*

SCENE III. *Enter Flavius and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promise to th' *Atbenians*
To speak with *Timon*.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave:
Peace and content be here, Lord *Timon*! *Timon*!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' *Atbenians*
By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort'st, burn! — speak and be
For each true word a blister, and each false [*hang'd*;
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon* —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

2 Sen. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for our selves, in thee :

The senators, with one consent of love,

Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lye

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross ;

And now the publick body (which doth seldom

Play the recanter) feeling in it self

A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fault, restraining aid to *Timon* ;

And sends forth us to make their sorrow's tender,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;

Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,

Surprize me to the very brink of tears :

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore so please thee to return with us,

And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take

The captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority: soon we shall drive back

Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 Sen. Therefore, *Timon* —

Tim. Well, Sir, I will ; therefore I will, Sir, thus —

If

If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
 Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
 That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,
 And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot chuse but tell him,—that I care not.
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer. For my self,
 There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
 But I do prize it in my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
 Of health and living now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
 And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass thro'
 them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will do

Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Timon.]

1 Sen. His discontents are coupled to his nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dread peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as they report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
And, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends, This man was riding

From

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'th' cause against your city
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.* [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. 'Till now my self, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries, of it self, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And purfy Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
We sent to thee, to give thy rage its balm,

* ----- our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho.---No answer---What is this?---
Timon is dead, who hath out-streht his span,
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit.

SCENE 6, &c.

To

To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above its quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

1 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth.*

1 *Sen.* We all have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Atbenian* cradle, and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt
Thou rather shall enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* See but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

* ---- take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* We all have, &c.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion: all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports,
Those enemies of *Timon*, and mine own,
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied by publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' sea,
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lyes a wretched coarse, of wretched soul bereft;
Seek not my name: a plague consume you caitiffs left!
Here lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gate.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brine's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach,
Let our drums strike,——

[*Exeunt.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

+++++

CORIOLANUS.

+++++

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman, hated by the common People.*

TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians, and*
COMINIUS, } *friends to Coriolanus.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS } *Tribunes of the People, and ene-*

JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *mies to Coriolanus.*

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to AUFIDIUS.

Young MARTIUS, *Son to Coriolanus,*

Conspirators with AUFIDIUS,

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE is partly in Rome and partly in the Territory of the Volscians, and Antiaties.

The whole History exactly follow'd, and many of the principal speeches copy'd from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch,

CORI-

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* **B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Martius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the Patricians good: what authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: but they think we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pitchforks, ere we become rakes: for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

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1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o'th' city is risen; why stay we prating here? to th' Capitol.—

All. Come, come,

1 *Cit.* Soft — who comes here?

SCENE II. *Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's my countrymen, in hand? where go you with your bats and clubs? the matter—speak, I pray you,

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you: For your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the *Roman* state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong links asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms must help. Alack,

You

You are transported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you ; and you slander
The helms o' th' state, who care for you, like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us ? — true indeed ! they ne'er car'd
for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
cramm'd with grain : make edicts for usury, to support
usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act established against
the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain
up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they
will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess your selves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale ; it may be you have heard it ;
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
We'll hear it, Sir, but yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tale :
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it —
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd —

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you : with a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus —
(For look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly,
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you —

2 Cit. Your belly's answer — what ?
 The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter ;
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabrick, if that they —

Men. What then ? — for me this fellow speaks.
 What then ? what then ?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
 Who is the sink o' th' body —

Men. Well, — what then ?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
 What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you.
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
 Patience, a while ; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Y're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash, like his accusers, and thus answer'd ;
 True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
 That I receive the general food at first
 Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
 Because I am the store-house, and the shop
 Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood
 Even to the Court the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain,
 And through the cranks and offices of man ;
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me —

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
 And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?

2 Cit. It was an answer — how apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And

And you the mutinous members ; for examine
 Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
 Touching the weal o'th' common, you shall find
 No publick benefit which you receive,
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
 And no way from your selves. What do you think ?
 You, the great toe of this assembly ?

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ! why the great toe ?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost :
 Thou rascal, that art first from blows to run,
 Lead'st first to win some vantage. —
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle :
 The one side must have bane.

SCENE III. *Enter Caius Martius.*

Hail, noble *Martius* !

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make your selves scabs ?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
 That like not peace, nor war ? The one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares :
 Where foxes, geese you are : no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would encrease his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye — trust ye !
 With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble that was now your hate,
 Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in the several places of the city

You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they say! —
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
And who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
Enough! would the Nobility lay aside
Their ruth, and let me use my sword, I'd make
A quarry with thousands of these quarter'd slaves,
As high as I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these
Are almost thoroughly persuaded: for
Although abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs;
That *bunger broke stone walls* — that *dogs must eat* —
That *meat was made for mouths* — that *the Gods sent not*
Corn for the rich men only — With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One of them's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — s'death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here——what is the matter?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See! our best elders——

SCENE IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Martius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only him.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face.

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Lar. No, *Caius Martius*;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where I know
Our greatest friends attend us.

Lar. Lead you on;
Follow, *Cominius*! we must follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius*!

1 Sen.

1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes — be gone. [*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow;

The *Volsians* have much corn: take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth; I pray you follow. [*Exeunt.*

Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods —

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown

Too proud of being so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at which he aims,

In which already he is well grac'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by

A place below the first; for what miscarries

Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform

To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

Will then cry out of *Martius*; oh, if he

Had born the business —

Sic. And if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on *Martius*, shall

Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come;

Half all *Cominius*' honours are to *Martius*,

Though *Martius* earn them not; and all his faults

To *Martius* shall be honours, though indeed

In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear

How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,

More than this singularity, he goes

Upon

Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence——these are the words——I think
I have the letter here, yes——here it is;
They have prest a power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant *Roman*,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent——most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd 'till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seems appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere (almost) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commission, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speak from very certainties. Nay more,

Some

Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.

If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike

'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your Honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Caius Martius's House in Rome.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire my self.

Vol.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not :
 Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum :
 I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair :
 As children a bear, the *Volsi* shunning him :
 Methinks I see him stamp thus — and call thus —
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear
Though you were born in Rome ; his bloody brow
 With his mail'd hand then-wiping, forth he goes
 Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool ; it more becomes a man
 Than gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,
 When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
 Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At *Grecian* swords contending ; tell *Valeria*
 We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heav'n's bless my Lord from fell *Aufidius* !

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you !

Vol. Sweet Madam —

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship —

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers.
 What are you sowing here ? a fine spot, in good faith,
 How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship : well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
 than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear 'tis a very
 pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wednesday*
 half an hour together — h'as such a confirm'd counte-
 nance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when
 he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again ; and
 over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again ;
 and whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so
 set his teeth and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mam-
 mockt it !

Vol. One o's father's moods,

Val.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors !

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience ; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self unreasonably : Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope* ; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam —

Val. In earnest it's true, I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is — the *Volsicians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli* ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, Lady ; as she is now, she will but diseafe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would ; fare you well then.
Come,

Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No : at a word, Madam ; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The Walls of Corioli.*

Enter *Martius*, *Titus Lartius*, with Captains and Soldiers :
To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news : a wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy ?

Mes. They lye in view ; but have not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lar. No, I'll not sell, nor give him : lend him you
I will, for half an hundred years or so :

Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye these armies ?

Mes. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee make us quick in work ;
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others
on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius is he within your wall ?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little : hark, our drums [Drum afar off.]
Are bringing forth our youth : we'll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up ; our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes,
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[Alarum far off.]

There is *Aufidius*. Lift, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction ! Ladders, ho !

VOL. VII.

H

Enter

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volseian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans are beat back to their trenches.]

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter Martius.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of *Rome*, you herds, you! boils and plagues
Plaister you o'er! that you may be abhor'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile: you souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

[Another alarum, and Martius follows them to the gates.]
So, now the gates are open: now prove good seconds;
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lar. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the sudden
Clapt to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lar. Oh noble fellow!

Who

Who sensible out-does his senseless sword,
 And when it bows, stands up : thou art left, *Martius* —
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to *Cato's* wish *, not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussions of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lar. O, 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain † alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter Martius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their honours
 At a crack'd drachm, cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up ; down with them ;
 And hark, what noise the General makes ! to him ;
 There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
 Piercing our *Romans* : then, valiant *Titus*, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city,
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st ;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent
 For a second course of fight.

* *Plutarch* in the life of *Coriolanus* relates this as the opinion of *Cato* the elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice : and the Poet here by following the Historian inadvertently is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

† *Make remain* is an old way of speaking which signifies but the same as *remain*.

H 2

Mar.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
 My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well :
 'The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous. T' *Aufidius* thus I will
 Appear, and fight.

Lar. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
 Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers swords! bold gentleman!
 Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less,
 Than to those she placeth highest! so farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*, —
 Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place, [*To the Trumpet.*
 Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
 Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are
 come off

Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our stands
 Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
 The charges of our friends. Ye *Roman* Gods,
 Lead their successes, as we wish our own,
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
 May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,
 And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* battel.
 I saw our party to their trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
 How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
 And bring the news so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volsicians*
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel

Three or four miles about ; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd ? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of *Martius'* tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh ! let me clip ye
In arms as found as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius* ?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees ;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th'other,
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
Where is he ? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague on't ! tribunes for them !)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think —
Where is the enemy ? are you lords o' th' field ?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so ?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lyes their battle ? know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I gues, *Martius*,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their best trust : o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battels wherein we have fought,
By th' blood w'ave shed together, by the vows
W'ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiat's* ;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour. —

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing ; if any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report :
If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him, alone, (or many if so minded)
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in
their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

Oh ! me alone, make you a sword of me :
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volscians* ? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select ; the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd ; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Corioli.

Titus Lartius *having sent a guard upon Corioli, going with
drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Martius ;
Enter with a Lieutenant other Soldiers and a Scout.*

Lar. So, let the ports be guarded ; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding ; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lar. Hence, and shut your gates upon's :
Our guider, come, to th' Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. The Roman Camp.

*Alarum as in battel. Enter Martius and Aufidius, at
several doors.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :
Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy ; fix thy foot:

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd ; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of*

Aufidius. Martius fights 'till they be driven in breathless.
Officious and not valiant ! you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconding.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Auf. fighting.
Flourish.*

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans: at another door Martius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug;
I'th' end admire; where Ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, *We thank the Gods*
Our Rome hath such a soldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his power from the pursuit.

Lar. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done
As you have done, that's what I can, induc'd
As you have also been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: Of all the horses,
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store, of all

The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your own choice.

Mar. I thank you, General :

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, Martius! Martius! cast up
their caps and lances : Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! when drums and trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let camps as cities
Be made of false-fac'd soothing. When steel grows
Soft, as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made
An overture for th' wars ! — No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note
Here's many else have done ; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you :

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you : therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever !

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

Omnes. *Caius Martius Coriolanus !*

Mar. I will go wash :

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether

Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you,
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition,
To th' fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To *Rome* of our success : you, *Titus Lartius*,
Must to *Corioli* back ; send us to *Rome*
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lar. I shall, my Lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me : I that but now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my Lord-General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours : what is't ?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
And at a poor man's house : he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me : I saw him prisoner :
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind : deliver him, *Titus*.

Lar. *Martius*, his name ?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot :
I'm weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd :
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent ;
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time
It should be look'd too : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *The Camp of the Volsci.*

A flourish. *Cornets.* Enter *Tullus Aufidius* bloody, with
two or three *Soldiers*.

Auf. The town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition !

I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition ?
What good condition can a treaty find

I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
 I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me:
 And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
 As often as we eat. By th' elements,
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
 He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
 Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
 Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle: my valour (poison'd
 With only suffering stain by him) for him
 Shall sLie out of it self: not sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embankments all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city,
 Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
 Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you,
 ('Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither
 How the world goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Menenius with Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. **T**HE Augur tells me, we shall have news to-
 night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
 they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends,

Men.

Exeunt
ci.
, with

T

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now ! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right-hand file, do you ?

Bru. Why — how are we censur'd ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry ?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience — give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so — you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single ; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride — oh that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! Oh that you could !

Bru. What then, Sir ?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias* fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. *Menenius*, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't : said to be something imperfect in favouring the
first

first complaint, hasty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bison conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your selves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fossit-seller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*, though peradventure some

of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exeunt Brutus and Sicinius.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble Ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee — hoo, *Martius* coming home!

Botb. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but *Emperic*, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that:

if

if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God save their good Worships *! *Martius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: — where is he wounded?

Val. I'th' shoulder, and i'th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i'th' body.

Men. One i'th' neck, and one too i'th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*A shout and flourish.*]

Vol. These are th' ushers of *Martius*; before him He carries noise, behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lye, Which being advanc'd declines, and then men die.

SCENE III.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Cominius* the General and *Titus Lartius*; between them *Coriolanus*, crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,

* Meaning the Tribunes.

With fame, a name to *Caius Martius*.

Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus*! [*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus*!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother.

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my soldier, up:

My gentle *Martius*, my worthy *Caius*,
By deed-atchieved honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee?
But oh, thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? — O my sweet Lady, pardon.

[*To Val.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That *Rome* should dote on: yet by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But

But with them, charge of honour.

Vol. I have lived,

To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy ; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Brutus and Sicinius.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen maikin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him ; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown *Flamens*
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station ; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of *Phæbus*' burning kisses ; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he'ath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the least cause these his new honours ; which
That he will give, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : oh, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'th' Gentry,
And the desire o'th' Nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For our end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in the war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easie,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mes. You're sent for to the Capitol : 'tis thought

That

That *Martius* shall be Consul : I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak ; the matrons flung their gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd ; the Nobles bended
 As to *Jove's* statue, and the Commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
 And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here ; how many
 stand for Consulships ?

2 *Off.* Three they say ; but 'tis thought of every one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud,
 and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that
 have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and there
 be many that they have loved they know not wherefore ;
 so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no
 better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care
 whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true know-
 ledge he has in their disposition, and out of his noble care-
 lessness he let's them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or
 no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good,
 nor harm : but he seeks their hate with greater devotion
 than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone,
 that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem
 to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad
 as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : and
 his ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs who have
 been supple and courteous to the people bonneted, without
 any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation
 and report ; but he hath so planted his honours in their
 eyes,

eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice that, giving it self the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

I Off. No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volscians*, and To send for *Titus Lartius*, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratifie his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

I Sen. Speak, good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital, Than that we stretch it out. Masters o'th' people, We do request your kindest ear, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield to what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts Inclenable to honour and advance The theam of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather We shall be blest to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people, than He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been silent : please you
To hear *Cominius* speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :

But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give.

Men. He loves your people,
But tie him not to be their bedfellow :
Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

1 Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus* ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honour's pardon :
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, Sir ; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not : but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *Coriolanus*.

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one, when you see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't ? Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amaronian* chin he drove

The

The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
 An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
 Slew three opposers : *Tarquin's* self he met,
 And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-entred thus, he waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battels since,
 He lurcht all swords o'th' garland. For this last,
 Before, and in *Corioli*, let me say
 I cannot speak him home : he stopt the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern : his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot :
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
 The gate o'th' city, which he mortal painted
 With shunless destiny : aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor's this all ;
 For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battel came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and 'till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fill the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. All our spoils he kick'd at,
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'th' world : he covets less
 Than misery it self would give, rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend his time to end it.

Men.

Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to th' people.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds sake, to give their suffrages:
Please you that I may over-pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, but the people too must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: pray fit you to the custom,
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with the form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only —

Men. Do not stand upon't: —
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpose, and to them: to our noble Consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*]

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give,

Bru.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on th' market-place
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once *, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do ; for, if he shew us his wounds ; and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them : so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which we being members, should bring our selves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed monster.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald ; but that our wits are so diversely colour'd ; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of our skulls, they would fly East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all points o'th' compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so ? which way do you judge my wit would fly ?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead : but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way ?

3 *Cit.* To lose it self in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks — you may, you may —

* *Once* here means the same as when we say *once* for all.

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it: I say if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have don't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that, you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would they would forget me, like the advices Which our Divines lose on 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: pray you speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Two Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean—so, here comes a brace: You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then ; I pray, your price o' th' Consulship ?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't : I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private ; your good voice, Sir ; what say you ?

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir ; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd : I have your alms, adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again : — but 'tis no matter,
[*Exeunt.*

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma ?

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies ; you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love ; but I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them, for 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly ; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers : therefore, 'beseech you I may be Consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily ! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices —

Better

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve. *

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.

Your voices — for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice fix
I've seen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more:—your voices!
Indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods give him
joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation: and the Tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th'official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. Sir, you may.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and knowing my self again,

--- we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless voucher? custom calls me to't ---
What custom wills in all things, should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lye unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go.
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Three citizens, &c.

112 CORIOLANUS.

Repair to th' senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*]

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks

'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: will you dismiss the people?

Enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves:

2 Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save your self, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said he'd wounds, which he could shew in private:

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be Consul, says he: *aged custom,*

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: when we granted that,

Here was — I thank you for your voices — thank you —

Your most sweet voices — now you have left your voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why either were you impotent to see't,

Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were less'n'd? when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, still spake against

Your liberties, and charters that you bear

I' th' body of the weal: and now arriving

At place of potency, and sway o'th' state,

Men. If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curses to your selves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice tow'rs you into love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature ;
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to ought ; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves ; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? why had your bodies
No heart among you ? or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you
Ere now deny'd the asker ; and now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow'd
Your su'd-for tongues ?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may
Deny him yet.

2 Cit. Ay and we will deny him :
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They've chose a Consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ; and one safer judgment,

Revoke your ignorant election :
 Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you :
 Besides, forget not,
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
 How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
 We labour'd, no impediment between,
 But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him more after our commandment,
 Than guided by your own affections,
 And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
 You rather must do, than with what you should do,
 Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
 Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not : say, we read lectures to you,
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house of *Martius* ; from whence came
 That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
 Who after great *Hofilius*, here was King :
 Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither.
 And *Censorinus*, darling of the people,
 (And nobly nam'd so for twice being censor)
 Was his great ancestor.*

Sic. One thus descended,
 That had beside well in his person wrought,
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances ; but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,

* *Plutarch* in his account of the *Martian* family enumerates the several great men who had sprung from it, in which list stand *Publius Martius* and *Quintus Martius* and *Censorinus* ; who, though they lived before *Plutarch*, came after *Coriolanus*. *Shakespeare* therefore by copying *Plutarch* too closely and hastily hath fallen into this inadvertence of making a cotemporary with *Coriolanus* mention the men who lived long after him.

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on ;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will ; almost all
Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let 'em go on :
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. Come ; to th' Capitol.
We will be there before the stream o' th' people :
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. *Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, and other Senators.*

Cor. **T**ullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lar. He had, my Lord, and that it was which
Our swifter composition. [caus'd

Cor. So then the *Volsians* stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make inroad
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius* ?

Lar. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
Against the *Volsians*, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town ; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lar. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How ? — what ?

Lar. How often he had met you sword to sword :
That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your

Your person most ; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he ?

Lar. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinus and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth : I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah ! — what is that ! —

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on — no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons ?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens voices ?

Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to th' market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ? what are your offices ?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility :
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot ;

The people cry you mock'd them ; and of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. Yes, you are like enough to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, either way, to better you.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, set on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*; nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will—

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more—

Sen. No more words, we beseech you—

Cor. How!—no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not

Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' people, Sir, as if you were
A God to punish, not as being a man
Of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well we let
The people know't.

Men. What, what! his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison were it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?

Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. Shall? —

O good but most unwise Patricians, why,
You grave but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn and noise o' th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? if they have power,
Let them have cushions by you: if none, awake.
Your dang'rous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
'Then vail your ignorance. You are plebeians
If they be Senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By *Jove* himself,
It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supream, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well — on to th' market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' storehouse *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece* —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power;
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Shall th' people give,
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know the corn
Was not their recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't; being prest to th' war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn *gratis*. Being i'th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them, Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The Senate's courtesie? let deeds express
What's like to be their words — *we did request it —*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. — Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles —

Men. Come, enough, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

Scal

Seal what I end withal ! This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom,
 Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
 Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
 Real necessities, and gave way the while
 T' unstable slightness ; purpose so barr'd, it follows
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, 'beseech you,
 (You that will be less fearful than discreet,
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you do the change of't ; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
 That's sure of death without,) at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it :
 Not having power to do the good it would
 For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despight o'er-whelm thee !
 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes ?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, That must be law,
 And throw their power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason —

Sic. This a Consul ? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho ! let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people, in whose name my self
 Attach thee as a traitorous innovator :

A foe to th' publick weal. Obey I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer. [*Laying bold on Coriolanus.*]

Cor. Hence, old goat !

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Hold, aged Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

SCENE II.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your powers

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens — what hoe —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confusion's near. I cannot speak. — You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people — peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune: peace, ho! speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Martius would have all from you: *Martius*,
Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie,

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce,

Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him ;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word, 'beseech you,
Ye Tribunes, hear me but a word —

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, these cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I'll die here ; *[Drawing his 'Sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ; Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help *Martius*, help,
You that be noble, help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him.

*[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People
are beat in.]*

SCENE III.

Men. Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone, away !

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

Sen. The Gods forbid !

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this case.

Men. For 'tis a fore

You cannot tent your self ; begone, 'beseech you.

Com.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:
Be gone, be gone, put not your worthy rage
Into your tongue, one time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self, I think, take up a brace
O' th' best of them, yea, even the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd fool'ry when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear?

Men. Pray you be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come away. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

SCENE IV.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. — [*A noise within.*]
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*. What the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further tryal

Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

i Cit. He shall well know the noble Tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall,
Be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults——

Sic. Consul!—what Consul?

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He the Consul!—

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but our danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rd her deserving children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he is but a limb, that has disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? the blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country :
 And what is left, to lose it by his country,
 Were to us all that do't, and suffer it;
 A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. This is clean karn.

Bru. Meerly awry : when he did love his country,
 It honour'd him.

Sic. The service of the foot
 Being once gangreen'd, is is not then respected
 For what before it was—

Bru. We'll hear no more.
 Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
 Spread further.

Men. One word more, hear me one word :
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harm of uncann'd swiftness, will (too late)
 Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
 Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
 And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere so—

Sic. What do ye talk ?
 Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
 Our *Ædiles* smote, our selves resisted ? come—

Men. Consider this ; he hath been bred i' th' wars
 Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
 In boulded language, meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
 I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
 In peace, to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble Tribunes,
 It is the humane way : the other course
 Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
 Be you then as the people's officers.
 Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *Forum* ; we'll attend you there,

Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll go and bring him to you.

Let me desire your company ; he must come,

[*To the Senators.*]

Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The House of Coriolanus.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me,
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war ; (I talk of you) [*To his Mother.*]
Why did you wish me milder ? wou'd you have me
False to my nature ? rather say, I play
Truly the man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Why let it go —

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if
You had not shew'd *them* how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too
You must return, and mend it. [rough :

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd ;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physick
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'th' war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there ?

Cor. Tush, tush—

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy : how is't less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you this ?

Vol. Because it lyes on you to speak to th' people :
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words

But

But roated on your tongue ; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I'm in this

Your Wife, your Son, these Senators, the Nobles ; —
And you will rather shew our general lowts,
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble Lady!

Come go with us, speak fair : you may salve so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones ; (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy hand,
Which soften, thus, correcting thy stout heart
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling ; say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as them to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd : altho' I know thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf

Than

Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i' th' market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will:

Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce?
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single pelt to lose,
This mould of *Martius*; they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier; so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let

Thy

Than

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
 But own thy pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content:

Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit Volumnia.]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
 Your self to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly. Pray you, let us go.
 Let them accuse me by invention: I

Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *The Forum.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
 Inforce him with his envy to the people,
 And that the spoil got on the *Antiatres*
 Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those senators
 That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
 Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
 Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd.

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither,
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I'th' right and strength o'th' Commons; be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry, *Fine!* if death, cry, *Death!*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'th' truth o'th' cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile;*

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have no word
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which works
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators;

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume: the honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say: peace, ho,

Cor.

Æd.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i'th' holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, 'scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds:
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Your self unto a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' rock with him.

Sic. Peace :

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing laws with stroaks, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for *Rome* —

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ? —

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know, I pray you —

Cor. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, seaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, *Good-morrow*.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power ; has now at last
Giv'n hostile stroaks, and that not only in presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it ; in the name o'th' people
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome's* gates. I'th' people's name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends —

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

Vol. VII.

M

Com.

All.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been Consul, and can shew for *Rome*
Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loyns : then if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fens ; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air : I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts,
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! have the power still
To banish your defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not 'till it feels)
Making but reservation of your selves
(Still your own enemies) deliver you
As most abated * captives to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising then,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere —

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and Senators.*

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

All. Our enemy is banish'd ; he is gone ! Hoo, hoo !

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you ; with all despite
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

* *Abated* here carries the sense of *subdued* and *diminished* in spirit and courage.

All. Come, come; let's see him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes! come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating; Fortune's blows
When most struck home, being greatly ward'd, crave
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee woman ——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewell, my wife, my mother,
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen :) your son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. First, my son,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
Vex'd are the Nobles, who we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home,

Say

Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met:

The hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear —
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone? [*To Vir.*
You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to thy husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool: is that a shame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for Rome's good — I'll tell thee what — yet go —
Nay, but thou shalt stay too — I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand,

Sic. What then?

Vol. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity:

Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had,

Vol. I would he had! — 'twas you incens'd the rabble:
Gats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heav'n

Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.

You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in *Rome*; so far my son,

This Lady's husband here, this, (do you see)

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

[*Exe. Tribunes.*]

Vol. Take my prayers with you.

I wish the Gods had nothing else to do,

But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em

But once a-day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,

And by my troth have cause: you'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,

And so shall starve with feeding: come, let's go,

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie!

[*To Vir.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well affect'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome*? I have a note from the *Volscian* state to find you out there. You have well-saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrections: the People against the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request with his country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium*. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battel slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lyes: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit.

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*]

Oh world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So with me;
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's house I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! what service is here? I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*? my master calls for him, *Cotus*! [*Exit.*]

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door. [*Exit.*]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus*.

Enter second Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray get you out.

Cor. Away! —

2 *Ser.*

2 Ser. Away? — get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What fellow's this?

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' th' house: pr'ythee call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my master, what a strange guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall.

[Exit second Serving-man.]

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I' th' city of kites and crows? what an ass it is! then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress: thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher: hence!

[Beats him away.]

Enter Aufidius, with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor.

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'st me not, and seeing me,
Dost not yet take me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to *Volscian* ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful service,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are required
But with that surname; a good memorial,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me; only that name remains,
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in meer spite
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tir'd ; then in a word I also am,
 Longer to live, most weary ; and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn funs of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Martius, Martius,*

Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where-against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters : here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married : never man
 Sigh'd truer breath : but, that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't : thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy self and me :
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear, O come, go in,

And

Thou

And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for *Rome* it self.

Cor. You bleis me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
One half of my commission, and set down,
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand; most welcome!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Enter two Servants.*

1 Ser. Here's a strange alteration.

2 Ser. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him
with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made
a false report of him.

1 Ser. What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with
his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 Ser. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—
I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Ser. He had so: looking, as it were—would I were
hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could
think.

2 Ser. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest
man i' th' world.

1 Ser. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you
wot one.

2 Ser. Who? my master?

1 Ser. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Ser. Worth six on him.

1 Ser. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the
greater soldier.

2 Ser.

2 Ser. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our General is excellent.

1 Ser. Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant,

3 Ser. Oh slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Ser. I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius*.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he scotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 Ser. And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

2 Ser. But more of thy news.

3 Ser. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o' th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crust up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why then we shall have a stirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so, and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason; because they then less need one another: the wars for my mony. I hope to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volsicians*. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. ROME.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame: the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry here, do make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though themselves did suffer by't, beheld Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mis'd, but with his friends;

friends; the commonwealth doth stand, and so would do,
were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if
he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:

His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: we wish'd *Coriolanus*
Had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was

A worthy officer i' th' war, but insolent,
O'er-come with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistants.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the *Volsicians* with two several powers
Are entred in the *Roman* territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lyes before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,

Who hearing of our *Martius*' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volsians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded,

Sic. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house; some news is come
That turns their countenances,

Sic. 'Tis this slave;

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst *Rome*,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He

He and *Aufidius* can no more atone
Than violentest contrarieties.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mes.* You are sent for to the Senate :
A fearful army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories, they've already
O'er-born their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now the news ?

You've made fair work, I fear me : pray, your news ?
If *Martius* should be joyned with the *Volscians*, —

Com. If ? he is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men ; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome*
About your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake
Down mellow fruit : so you have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir ?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist

Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, *Be good to Rome*, they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.* You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who hooted him out o' th' city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his 'points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That *Rome* can make against them.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

Men. Here come the clusters. —
And is *Aufidius* with him? — You are they
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,

If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said *banish him*, I said 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very many of us; that we did, we did for the best: and tho' we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y're goodly things; you voices! —

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [*Exeunt.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a fide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The Gods be good to us! come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' th' wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home. [*Ex. Cit.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Camp at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would

When

When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him ; but had born
The action of your self, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him : though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the *Volskian* state,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech, think you he'll carry *Rome* ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his :
The Senators and Patricians love him too :
The Tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even ; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Whereof he was the Lord ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' cask to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controll'd the war ; but one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd ; but he has merit

Tho^s

Tho' choaks it in the utt'rance : so our virtues
 Lye in th' interpretation of the time ;
 And power, in it self most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 T'extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Right's by right foiled, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away ; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
 Thou'rt poor't of all, then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

ROME. *Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,*
with others.

Men. NO, I'll not go : you hear what he hath said
 Which was sometime his General ; who lov'd
 him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father :
 But what o' that ? go thou that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy : nay, if he coy'd
 To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
 He would not answer to ; forbad all names ;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 'Till he had forg'd himself a name o' th' fire
 Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, so ; you've made good work :
 A pair of Tribunes, that have sack'd fair *Rome*,
 To make coals cheap : a noble memory !

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
 When it was least expected. He reply'd,
 It was a bare petition of a state
 To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
 For's private friends. His answer to me was,

He

He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I'm one of those: his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow, we're the grains;
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But sure if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. Why? what should I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For Rome, tow'rd's *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard, but as a discontented friend
Grief-shot with his unkindness: and what then?

Sic. Say it be so; yet your good will, *Menenius*,
Must have the thanks of Rome after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way. *Men.*

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. You shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome* ; and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* : dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, not yield to new conditions :
So that all hope is vain, unless from's mother
And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country : therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt:

SCENE II. *The Volscian Camp.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Watch. Stay : whence are you ?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 Watch. Whence ?

Men. From *Rome*.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return : our Ge-
Will no more hear from thence. [neral

2 Watch. You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears ; it is *Menenius*.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back ; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified :
For I have ever magnified my friends,

(Of

(Of whom he's chief) to all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground
I've tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should
not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to
live chastly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary of the party of your General.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say
you have ; I am one that telling true under him, must say
you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. I am as thy General is.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell ? for I would not
speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a *Roman*, are you ?

1 Watch. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can
you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very de-
fender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given
your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with
the easie groans of old women, the virginal palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd
dotard as you seem to be ? can you think to blow out the
intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak
breath as this ? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to
Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemn'd,
our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would
use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 Watch. My General cares not for you. Back, I say,
go ; lest I let forth your half pint of blood, that's the ut-
most of your having ; back, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter ?

Men,

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you ; you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus* ; guess by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'th'state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does ! O my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee ; but being assured none but my self could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who like a block hath denied my access to thee —

Cor. Away !

Men. How, away ?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others : though I owe My revenge properly, remission lyes In *Volsian* breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall prison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone ; Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives him a letter*, And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*, I will not hear thee speak. This man, *Aufidius*, Was my belov'd in *Rome* ; yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius* ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell you see of much power : you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your Greatness back ?

2 *Watch.* What cause do you think I have to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General :

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O

for

for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: let your General do his worst. For you, be what you are, long! and your misery encrease with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, *Away!* [Exit.

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Ex. *Watch.*

SCENE III.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to th' *Volscian* Lords how plainly
I've born this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected; stopt
Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*:
Never admitted private whisper, no
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father:
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their latest refuge,
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Tho' I shew'd sow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits,
Nor for the state, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what sight is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow

In the same time 'tis made? I will not —

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius, with Attendants, all in Mourning.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection,
All bond and privilege of Nature break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curt'sie worth? or those dove's eyes,

Which

Which can make Gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others : my mother bows,
 As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
 In supplication nod ; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries, *Deny not*. Let the *Volsians*
 Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy* ; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct : but stand
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My Lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome* ;

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You Gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' th' earth ; [*Kneels*,
 Of *thy* deep duty more impression shew
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest !

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
 I kneel before thee, and unproperly
 Shew duty as mistaken all the while,
 Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels*,

Cor. What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillop the stars : then, let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun :
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola* :

The moon of *Rome*, chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple : dear *Valeria* —

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[*Shewing young Martius,*

Which by th'interpretation of full time

May shew like all your self.

Cor. The God of soldiers,

With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my self,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :

Or if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's* mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reason.

Vol. Oh, no more : no more :

You've said you will not grant us any thing :
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volsicians*, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. — Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy exile. Think with thy self,
How more unfort'nate than all living women

Are we come hither ; since thy fight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out : and to poor us
Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas ! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound ? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine : if I can't perswade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one ; thou shalt not sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :
I'll run away 'till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see :
I've sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus :
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy

The *Volsicians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisoners of your honour. No ; our suit
 Is that you reconcile them : while the *Volsicians*
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses :
 Whose chronicle thus writ, *The man was noble —*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To th' ensuing age, abborr'd. Speak to me, son :
 Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the Gods ;
 Who tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
 And yet do charge their sulphur with a bolt,
 That shall but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy ;
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'th' stocks. Thou'st never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie ;
 When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home
 Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees,
 To his fir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : and end ;
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours : nay, behold us,

This

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
This fellow had a *Volscian* to his mother :
His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
Like him by chance ; yet give us our dispatch :
I'm husht until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother ! — [*Holds her by the hands, silent,*
What have you done ? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !
You've won a happy victory to *Rome* ;
But for your son, believe it. oh, believe it,
Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come : —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less ? or granted less, *Aufidius* ?
Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were ;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother ! wife !

Auf. I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee, out of that I'll work
My self my former fortune.

[*Aside.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ;
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
[*To Volumnia, Virg. &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counterseal'd.
Come, enter with us.

Auf. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you ; all the swords

In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' coin o' th' Capitol, yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of *Rome*, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Martius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in,

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home,

They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mef. Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volsians* are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone;
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,

Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mef. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*
Make the sun dance. Hark you. [A shout within.

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A city full: of Tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.
[*Sound still with the shouts.*

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings! next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators with the Ladies passing over the stage,
with other Lords.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of *Rome*:
Call all your tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd *Martius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, *Welcome, Ladies, welcome!*

All.

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome!

[Exeunt.

[A flourish with drums and trumpets.

SCENE V. Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' city, I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoyson'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and fierce.

3 Con. His stoutness, Sir,

When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,

Presented

Presented to my knife his throat ; I took him,
 Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
 In all his own desires ; nay, let him chuse
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
 In mine own person ; help to reap the same
 Which he did make all his ; and took some pride
 To do my self this wrong ; 'till at the last,
 I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
 He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
 I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my Lord :
 The army marvell'd at it, and at last
 When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
 For no less spoil, than glory —

Auf. There was it :
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him :
 At a few drops of womens rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
 Of our great action ; therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
 And had no welcomes home, but he returns
 Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
 Giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore at your vantage,
 Ere he express himself, or move the people
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
 Which we will second. When he lyes along,
 After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
 His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
 Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City,

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd

What

What I have written ?

All. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easie fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with drums and colours, the
Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords ; I am return'd ; your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome* : our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th' *Romans* : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble Lords :
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor ! — how now ! —

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Martius*.

Cor. *Martius* ! —

Auf. Ay, *Martius*, *Caius Martius* ; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in *Cerioli* ?

You Lords and head o'th' state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*,
I say *your* city, to his wife and mother ;

Breaking

Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o'th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave! —

Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the first time I ever

Was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave Lords,

Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion,

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that

Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join

To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volsicians*, men and lads,

Stain all your edges in me. Boy? false hound! —

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I

Flutter'd your *Volsicians* in *Corioli*.

Alone I did it. Boy? —

Auf. Why, noble Lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All Cit. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

1 *Cit.* He kill'd my son.

2 *Cit.* My daughter.

3 *Cit.* Kill'd my cousin.

4 *Cit.* He kill'd my father.

2 *Lord.* Peace — no outrage — peace —

The man is noble, and his fame folds in

This orb o'th' earth; his last offences to us

Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,

And trouble not the peace.

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P

Cor.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius's*, or more ; his tribe ;
To use my lawful sword —

Auf. Insolent villain !

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill Martius. He falls,*
and Aufidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble Lords, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O, *Tullus* —

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him — masters all, be quiet,
Put up your swords.

Auf. My Lords, when I shall shew (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, I cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame :
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow : take him up :
Help three o'th' chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury ;
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

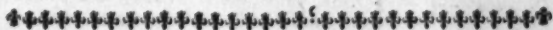
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Martius. A dead march*
sounded.

falls,



J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.



marc

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, }
M. ANTONY, } *Triumvirs after the death of*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,

BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIMUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

POPILIUS LÆNA, } *Senators.*

PUBLIUS,

FLAVIUS, } *Tribunes, and Enemies to Cæsar.*

MARULLUS, }

MESSALA, } *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

TITINIUS, }

ARTEMIDORUS, *A Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Young CATO.

CINNA, *the Poet.*

LUCILIUS,

DARDANIUS,

VOLUMNIUS,

VARRO,

TITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE for the three first Acts in Rome, for the beginning of the fourth at an Island near Bononia, for the remainder of the fourth near Sardis, for the fifth in the Fields of Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Plebeians.

Flav. **H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? what, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? speak, what trade art thou?

1 Pleb. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, Sir, what trade are you?

2 Pleb. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman I am
but as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

2 Pleb. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2 Pleb. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me;
yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou
sawcy fellow?

2 Pleb. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Pleb. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I
meddle

meddle with no man's matters, nor woman's matters; but withall, I am indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Pleb. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my self into more work. But indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!
Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores? And do you now
Put on your best attire? and do you now
Cull out an holiday? and do you now
Strew flowers in his way, that comes to *Rome*
In triumph over *Pompey's* blood? Be gone,
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exe. Pleb.*]
See whe'r their basest mettle be not mov'd;
They vanish'd tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way tow'rd the Capitol,
This way will I; disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Calca, and a Soothsayer.

Cæs. *Calphurnia!*

Calp. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia!*

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonius' way*,
When he doth run his course — *Antonius!*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril course.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, *Do this*; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sootb. *Cæsar!*

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue shriller than all the musick,
Cry, *Cæsar!* speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sootb. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*!

Cas. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cas. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt. Manent Brutus and Cassius.*]

SCENE III.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gamester; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*;
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one,
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not it self,
But by reflexion from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That

That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yolk,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see your self
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess my self in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,

And I will look on death indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In

That

In awe of such a thing as I my self.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you ;
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
*And swim * to yonder point ?* upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow ; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar* : and this man
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this God did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius* —
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shouts. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !

* *Swimming* was one of the generous exercises practised at Rome, and learnt by all the youth of the best birth and quality as a necessary qualification towards good soldiership.

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find our selves dishonourable graves.

Men at some times are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
But in our selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and *Cæsar* ! what should be in that *Cæsar* ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd ;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls incompast but one man ? *

O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.

'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;

* ---- but one man ?

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.

O ! you and I, &c.

Brutus

Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cæs. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV. *Enter Cæsar and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck *Cæsa* by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so: but look you, *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;

Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross't in conf'rence with some Senators.

Cæs. *Cæsa* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonius*!

Ant. *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,

As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no musick:

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous,

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus, Cassius, and Casca.

Casc. You pull'd me by the cloak, would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casc. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casc. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casc. Why, for that too.

Casc. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casc. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casc. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Casc. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casc. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casc. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown, yet it was not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd *Cæsar*; for he swoon'd, and fell

down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Cas. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honest *Casca*; we have the falling-sickness.

Cas. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man,

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cas. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: If I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at his word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul* — and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Cas. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cas. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Cas. Nay, if I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marcullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

Cas. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas.

Cæs. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Cæsc. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cæs. Good, I will expect you.

Cæsc. Do so: farewell both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cæs. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetites.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you,
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so: 'till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble: yet I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd, therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he was *Cassius*,
Cæsar should not love me.—I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.

And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsc, his sword drawn,
and Cicero.*

Cic. Good even, *Cæsc*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cæsc. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heav'n,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cæs. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women
 Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Houting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons, they are natural:
 For I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæs. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Cæsar*; this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Cæs. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[Exit *Cicero*.]

SCENE VII. Enter *Cassius*.

Cæs. Who's there?

Cæs.

Cæs. A Roman.

Cæs. *Cæsa*, by your voice.

Cæs. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cæs. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cæs. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cæs. Those that have known the earth so full of faults:

For my part I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night:

And thus unbraced, *Cæsa*, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present my self

Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Cæs. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cæs. You are dull, *Cæsa*; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,

Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,

To see the strange impatiencè of the heav'ns:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,

Why old men, fools, and children calculate;

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

Their natures and pre-formed faculties

To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning,

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, *Cæsa*,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol;

A man no mightier than thy self or me,

In personal action; yet prodigious grown,

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cæs. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cæs. Let it be who it is: for Romans now

Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers spirits :
 Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casc. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King :
 And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Casf. I know where I will wear this dagger then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
 Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
 If I know this ; know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casc. So can I :
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Casf. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep ;
 He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar* ? But, oh grief !
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman : then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casc. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,
 That is no flouting tell-tale. Hold my hand :
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And

And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
To under-go, with me, an enterprize,
Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey's* porch. For now this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cas. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: who's that? *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes you are.

O Cassius! could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the *Prætor's* chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus's* statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you shall find us,
Is *Decimus Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bid me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey's* theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
Are ours already, and the man entire

Upon

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Cæs. O, he fits high in all the people's hearts ;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cæs. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited ; let us go,
For it is after mid-night, and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt,

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Brutus.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. WHAT, *Lucius* ! ho ! —

I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day — *Lucius*, I say !
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when ? awake, I say ! what, *Lucius* !

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius* :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

[Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death : and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking : crown him — that —
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By

By which he did ascend : so *Cæsar* may :
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous :
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir :
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lye there, when I went to bed. [*Gives him a letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day :
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March* ?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thy self :*

Shall Rome — speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, *thou sleep'st : awake.*

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome — thus must I piece it out,

Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe ? what, *Rome* ?

My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak, strike, redress. — am I entreated then

To speak, and strike ? O *Rome* ! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, some body knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
 I have not slept. —

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their ears,
 And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy !
 Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
 When evils are most free ? O then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
 To mask thy monstrous visage ? seek none, Conspiracy,
 Hide it in smiles and affability :
 For if thou march, thy native semblance on,
 Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decimus, Cinna, Metellus,
 and Trebonius.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest ;
 Good morrow, *Brutus* ; do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
 Know I these men that come along with you ? *[Aside.]*

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here
 But honours you : and every one doth wish
 You had but that opinion of your self,
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.
 This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas.

Cas. This, *Decimus Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word?

[*They whisper*]

Dec. Here lyes the East: doth not the day break here?

Casc. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Cas. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,

Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the North

He first presents his fire, and the high East

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond,

Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,

And will not palter? and what other oath,

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The

The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th'insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 Doth need an oath : when ev'ry drop of blood
 That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero* ? shall we sound him ?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy mens voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
 Our youths' and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not : let us not break with him,
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Dec. Indeed, he is not fit.

Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar* ?

Cas. *Decimus*, well urg'd : I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony so well belov'd of *Cæsar*
 Should out-live *Cæsar* : we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
 Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
 For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers :
 We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
 And in the spirit of man there is no blood :
 O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,
 And not dismember *Cæsar* ! but, alas !

Cæsar

Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully :
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
 When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cæs. Yet I do fear him ;

For the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar* —

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him :

If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.

And that were much he should ; for he is giv'n

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die,
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cæs. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cæs. But it is doubtful yet,

If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no :

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasies, of dreams, and ceremonies :

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that ; if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'er-sway him ; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does ; being then most flattered,
Leave me to work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him ;

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him :
He loves me well ; and I have giv'n him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's ; we'll leave you, *Brutus* ;
And, friends ! disperse your selves ; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy ;
And so good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy ! *Lucius* ? fast asleep ? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busie care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III. *Enter Portia.*

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord ?

Bru. *Portia*, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed ; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-cross ;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

Yet

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health;
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do : good *Portia*, go to bed :

Por. Is *Brutus* sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? what ! is *Brutus* sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness ? no, my *Brutus*,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and upon my knees,
 I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why you are heavy : and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you : for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? am I your self
 But as it were in sort, or limitation ?

To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,
And talk to you ? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? if it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Per. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but withal,
A woman well reputed ; *Cato's* daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye Gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.
Hark, hark, one knocks : *Portia*, go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [Exit *Portia*.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius* ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief ? would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Romæ*,
Brave son deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou like an exorcist hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Calus*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho; they murder Cæsar. Whio's within?
Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia:

Calp. What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanislied.

Calp. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within;
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,

Which

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
 The noise of battel hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets,
 O *Cæsar* ! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods ?
 Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth : for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When beggars die, there are no comets seen,
 The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
 The valiant never taste of death but once :
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear :
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs ?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day,
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.*

Calp. Alas, my Lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence :
 Do not go forth to-day ; call it my fear,
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
 And he will say you are not well to-day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,

* --- to day for fear :
 No, *Cæsar* shall not ; Danger knows full well,
 That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
 We were two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible ;
 And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas, &c.

And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

SCENE V. *Enter Decimus.*

Here's *Decimus Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! good-morrow, worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day ; tell them so, *Decimus*.

Calp. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?
Decimus, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :

She dreamt last night she saw my statue, which

Like to a fountain, with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood ; and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

These she applies for warnings and portents

Of evils imminent ; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;

It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,

Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognifances.

This by *Calpurnia's* dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;

And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To

To give this day a crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
 If you shall send them word you will not come;
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams :
 If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid!
 Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this :
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calpurnia!*
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 Give me my robe, for I will go :

SCENE VI.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,
 Cinna and Publius.*

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too ?
 Good-morrow, *Casca* : Oh ! *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is't a-clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,
 Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.
 Now, *Cinna* ; now, *Metellus* ; what, *Trebonius* ?
 I have an hour's talk in store for you,
 Remember that you call on me to-day,
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will ; and so near will I be, [Aside.
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
 And

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*, [*Aside.*
The heart of *Brutus* yearns to think upon! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII The Street.

Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*, come not near *Calpurnia*, have an eye to *Cinna*, trust not *Trebonius*, mark well *Metellus Cimber*, *Decimius Brutus* loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd *Caius Ligarius*. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against *Cæsar*. If thou beest not immortal, look about thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!

Thy lover *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this:

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-house,

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side,

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note,

What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
The wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At my own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a-clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rds him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [Exit.]

Por. I must go in — aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus*! *Brutus*!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure the boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint!
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Entrance into the Capitol.

Flourish. *Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decimus, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Sooth-sayer.*

Cæs. **T**HE Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*! read this schedule.

Dec.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd,

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Læna*?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive;
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cæs. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? if this be known,

Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,

For I will slay my self.

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:

Popilius Læna speaks not of our purpose;

For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cæs. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amis,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart. [Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These crouchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,

To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,
 Low-crooked-curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar* ;
 Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus* !

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, pardon ;
 As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
 But I am constant as the northern star. *
 Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
 That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar* —

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

Dec. Great *Cæsar* —

Cæs. Do not, *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

Cæs. Speak hands for me.

[*They stab Cæsar.*]

* ----- northern star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament ;
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine,
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,
 Let me, &c.

Cæs.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?* — then fall *Cæsar*!

[*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead —

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets —

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of *Cæsar's*
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cæs. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

S C E N E II. *Enter Trebonius.*

Cæs. Where's *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cæs. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace! freedom! and liberty!*

Cæs. Stoop then, and wash — how many ages hence

[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*

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S

Shall

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Cæs. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* basis lyes along,
No worthier than the dust !

Bru. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cæs. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most bold, and the best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ?

Ser. A friend of *Antony's*.

Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [Kneeling,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving ;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death :

Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter Antony.*

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;

If I my self, there is no hour so fit

As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smok,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no means of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand ;
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you ;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand ;
 Now, *Decimus Brutus*, yours ; now yours, *Metellus* ;
 Yours, *Cinna* ; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours ;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh 'tis true ;
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius* — here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.*

Cas. *Mark Antony* —

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* ;

The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this :

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us ?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons —

* ---- in thy death

O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lye !

Cas. *Mark Antony*, &c.

Why,

Why,
 Bru
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Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you —
You know not what you do, do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

[*Aside.*

Bru. By your pardon,
I will my self into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Cæsar*'s body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our permission:
You shall not else have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Manet Antony.*

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesie,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 A curse shall light upon the kind of men ;
 Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war,
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds.
 And *Cæsar's* Spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With *And* by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not ?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth —

O *Cæsar* !

[*Seeing the body,*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep ;
 Passion I see is catching, for mine eyes
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. Is thy master coming ?

Ser. He lyes to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd,
 Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
 No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this corse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try
 In my Oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To

To young *Octavius* of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE V. The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra. Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends,

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers :

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of *Cæsar's* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,
When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended ; silence !

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, Countrymen, and Friends ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer : Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves ; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free-men ? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base that would be a bond-man ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman* ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. — I pause for a reply —

All.

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended — I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better parts

Shall now be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen —

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar's* glories, which *Mark Antony*

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus's* sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus's* sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain ;
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* —

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with *Cæsar* ! noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;

But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept ;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

You all did see, that at the *Lupercal*

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious ;

And sure he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts ?

And men have lost their reason — bear with me,

My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,

And

And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong. *

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come
in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world; now lyes he there;
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;

Let but the Commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds;
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,

* ---- has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar* had never wrong, but with just cause.
*If ever there was such a line written by Shakespear, I should fancy it
might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a Ple-
beian. One might believe Ben Johnson's remark was made upon the
better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the
beginning of the third act.*

Know *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfy'd ----

*But the verse as cited by Ben Johnson does not connect with ---- Will he
be satisfy'd. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Johnson's
time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleas'd to
speak it.*

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will; read it, *Mark Antony.*

All. The Will, the Will: we will hear *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his *heirs*,

For if you should — O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony*:

You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?

(I have o'er-shot my self to tell you of it.)

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar* — I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors — honourable men!

All. The Will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the Will! read
the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will?

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,

And let me shew you him that made the Will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony* — most noble *Antony*!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back — room — bear back —

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervii*. —

Look! in this place, ran *Cassius'* dagger through —

See what a rent the envious *Cæsa* made. —

Through

Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it !
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no :
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s angel.
 Judge, oh you Gods ! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him.
 'This, this, was the unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him ; then burst his mighty heart :
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of *Pompey*'s statue which
 All the while ran with blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar*'s vesture wounded ? look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar* !

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge : about—seek—
 burn—fire—kill—slay ! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen —

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
 him —

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny :

'They that have done this deed, are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable ;
 And will no doubt with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am n
 But, a
 That l
 That g
 For I l
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I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
To stir mens blood ; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths !
And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then :

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true—the Will—let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To ev'ry several man, sev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar* ! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar* !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards

On that side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another ?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never ; come, away, away ;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire all the traitors houses.

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T

Take

Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work; mischief, thou art afoot;

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*

Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,

And things unluckily charge my fantasie;

I have no will to wander forth of doors:

Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decimus*'s house, And some to *Casca*'s, some to *Ligarius*: away, go. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A small Island in the little River Rhenus near Bononia.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. THESE many men shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot, I damn him.

But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar*'s house;

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,

And took his voice who should be prickt to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you ;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers stand'rous loads ;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in common.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations,
Which out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things — *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the Camp near Sardis.
Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers : Titinius
and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc.

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand !

Bru. What now, *Lucilius* ? is *Cassius* near ?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. Hear, a word, *Lucilius* —
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling ; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [Low march witbin.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd ;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! speak the word along.

Witbin. Stand !

Witbin. Stand !

Witbin. Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother ! you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them —

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*, do the like, and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [Exeunt,

SCENE III. *Brutus's Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell, and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speak this,
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And

And not for justice ? what, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it ; you forget your self,
To hedge me in ; I am a foldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your self
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self —
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man.

Cas. Is't possible ? —

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O Gods ! ye Gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ! ay, more. Fret 'till your proud heart break ;
Go shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you. For from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better foldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way — you wrong me, *Brutus* ;
I said, an elder foldier, not a better.

Did

Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! —

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;

For I can raise no money by vile means.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me ; was that done like *Cassius* ?

Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so ?

When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not — he was but a fool

That brought my answer back — *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,

But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not: will you practise that on me ?

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas.

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Poet.
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Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come!
 Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast — within, a heart
 Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold;
 If that thou bee'st a *Roman*, take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Which much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. *

* --- and leave you so.

Enter *Lucius* and *Titinius*, and a *Poet*.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
 There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Luc.

Cas.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better — *Portia's* dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong; (for with her death
That tidings came) with this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Lucius with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Port. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Port. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ---- how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; sawcy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, &c.

(Exit Port.)

Fill,

Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*!
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Oh *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

Mes. My self have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscriptions, and bills of outlawry
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one? —

Mes. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her in yours?

Mes. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell *Portia* — we must die, *Messala*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of

Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better,
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother —

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy encreaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then with your will, go on: we will along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good night; —
Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.

Enter

Bru.
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Good-
Cas.
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Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown ; now farewell, good *Messala*,
[*Exit Lucius.*

Good-night, *Titinius* : noble, noble *Cassius*,

Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :

Never come such division 'tween our souls !

Let it not, *Brutus*.

Re-enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mes. Good-night, Lord *Brutus* !

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius* !

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by,

On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so ; lye down, good Sirs :

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument, a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy ;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

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ter,

Enter

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Musick and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune — O murd'rous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee musick ? gentle knave, good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

But let me see, is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading ? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns ! — ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition —

It comes upon me — Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then. —

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,

Ill spirit ; I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy ! *Lucius* ! *Varro* ! *Claudius* ! Sirs ! awake.

Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius ! awake.

Luc. My Lord ! —

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out !

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst ; didst thou see any thing ?

Luc.

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

Varro! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Botb. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Botb. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. **N**OW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battels are at hand,
They mean to wage us at *Philippi* here,
Answ'ring before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battel is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your battel softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army:

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Oct. *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of battel?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*,

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* heart,
Crying, *Long live, hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.*

Bru. You threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a cur, behind
Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank your self;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. - If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæsar's* three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*

* --- stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too.

For you have stol'n their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! &c.

Have

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on *Brutus*' sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Oct. Come, *Antony*, away ;

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exe. Octavius, Antony and Army.*]

S C E N E III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark :
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius, — hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My Lord.

[*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. Messala !

Mes. What says my General ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* ;
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battel all our liberties.

You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his opinion ; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us :
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lyes ready to give the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to-day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace lead on our days to age !
But since th'affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determin'd to do ?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himself ; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life ; arming my self with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Along the streets of *Rome*.

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no ; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome* ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius* !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus* !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !

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But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Br. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavius*' wing ;
One sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly !
My self have to mine own turn'd enemy ;
This ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord ;
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick ; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [*Exit Pin.*]
This day I breathed first ; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run its compass. Now, what news ?

Pin. Within. Oh, my Lord !

Cas.

Cæs. What news ?

Pin. Witbin. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him ;
Titinius ! now some light — oh, he lights too —
He's ta'en — and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cæs. Come down, behold no more ;
Oh coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah ;
In *Partbia* did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer ; here take thou the hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword — *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*]

Pin. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh *Cassius*,
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V. *Enter Titinius, and Messala.*

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius* ; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus's* power,
As *Cassius's* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill,

Mes. Is not that he, that lyes upon the ground ?

Tit. He lyes not like the living. Oh my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*,

But *Cassius* is no more ! Oh setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius's* day is set ;

The sun of *Rome* is set ! our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done ;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child !
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus* ! where art thou, *Pindarus* ?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel and darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Messala*,
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius* ?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? didst thou not hear their shouts ?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman's* part. [Stabs himself.
Come, *Cassius'* sword, and find *Titinius'* heart. [Dies.

S C E N E VI.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,
Volumnius, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye ?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius'* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave *Titinius* !

Look,

Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?

Thou last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well;

It is impossible that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time —

Come therefore, and to *Thasos* send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Left it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come,

And come, young *Cato*, let us to the field.

Labeo and *Flavius* set our battels on.

'Tis three o'clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Field of Battel.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*, and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.

I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I

Brutus my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, are thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. I only yield, to die;

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Giving him money.*]

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:

Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus* :
 The Gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth ; keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead,
 And bring us word unto *Octavius*' tent
 How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]S C E N E VIII. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
 He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus* ; slaying is the word,
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus* — [*Whispering.*]

Cl. What I, my Lord ? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill my self.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius* !

Dar. I do such a deed ?

Cl. Oh *Dardanius* !

Dar. Oh *Clitus* !

Cl. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus* : look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord ?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius* ;

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
 Two several times by night ; at *Sardis*, once ;
 And this last night, here in *Philippi-Fields*.
 I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

[*Alarum.*

It is more worthy to leap in our selves,

Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;

Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee

Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you ; and you, *Volumnius*,

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewel to thee too, *Strato* ; countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus*' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum.* Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly —

Bru. Hence ; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord ;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect,

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato* ?

Stra. Give me your hand first — fare you well, my Lord !

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* — *Cæsar*, now be still ;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

SCENE IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,
Lucilius, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man. *Strato*, where is thy master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala* ;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him :

For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, take him then to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar* :
He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M. ANTONY.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.
EMILIUS LEPIDUS.
SEX. POMPEIUS.
DIMITRIUS NIKOPOLEUS.
VIRGILIUS.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
SCARUS.
DROXTAS.
DARSTON.
FELIX.
SERIUS.

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

SELVUS.
DIONETUS.
A. ZEPHYRUS.
COTUS.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.

CHARMION, her attendant on Cleopatra.

Antony and Cleopatra, in the last scene of the play, are represented by the same actors as in the first scene.

X 2

THE SCENE is laid in the Royal Palace, at Rome.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS.

SEX. POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ÆNOBARBUS,

VENTIDIUS,

CANIDIUS,

EROS,

SCARUS,

DERCETAS,

DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,

SILIUS,

MECENAS,

AGRIPPA,

DOLABELLA,

PROCULEIUS,

THYREIUS,

TAURUS,

GALLUS,

MENAS,

MENECRATES,

VARRIUS,

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN,

SELEUCUS,

DIOMEDES,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

*Friends and Followers of
Antony.*

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Ægypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *Ladies attending on Cleopatra,*

IRAS,

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman
Empire.*

Antony

Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phil. **N**AY, but this dotage of our General,
O'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reposes all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look where they come!

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies in the Train,
Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a borne how far to be below'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new
earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful mandate to you ; *Do this ; or this ;*
Take in that kingdom, and infranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love ?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like,)
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar* ; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s process ? *Cæsar*'s ? I would say ; both ?
Call in the messengers ; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou blushest, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s homager : so thy cheeks pay shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The messengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd empire fall ! here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay ; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man ; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing.
And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind
(On pain of punishment) the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her ?
I'll seem the fool I am not ; *Antony*
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra* :
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh ;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : what sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No messenger but thine ; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,

Last

last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antoni* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm sorry,
That he approves the common liar *Fame*,
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter *Ænobarbus*, *Charmian*, *Ir*as, *Alexas*, and a *Soothsayer*,

Char. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, al-
most most absolute *Alexas*, where's the *Soothsayer* that you
prais'd to th' *Queen*? Oh! that I knew this husband
which, you say, must change for horns his garlands.

Alex. *Soothsayer*!

Sootb. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sootb. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Æno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me
Good fortune.

Sootb. Madam, I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sootb. You shall be yet
Far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

*Ir*as. No, you shall paint when old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sootb. You shall be more believing, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with much drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be
married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all;
let

let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do homage. Find me, to marry me with, *Octavius Caesar*; and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent; I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish; a million.

Char. Out, out, fool, I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to Your wishes.

Char. Nay come, and tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Æno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There is a palm presages chastity, If nothing else.

Char. E'en as th' o'erflowing *Nile* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heav'ns mend! — *Alexas* — Come, his fortune, his fortune. — Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse; till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras.

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Iras. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people !
For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-
wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to behold a foul knave un-
cuckolded ; therefore, dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and for-
tune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a
cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd
do't.

SCENE III. Enter Cleopatra.

Æno. Hush, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord ?

Æno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought had struck him. *Ænobarbus !*

Æno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither ; where's *Alexas* ?

Alex. Here at your service ; see, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him ; go with us. [Exeunt.

Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius* ?

Mes. Ay, but soon

That war had end, and the time's state made friends
Of them, jointing their forces against *Cæsar*,
Whose better issue in the war, from *Italy*
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,
What worse ?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward : on.
Things that are past, are done, with me : 'Tis thus —
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear as if he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labienus*

Hath, with his *Parthian* force, thro' extended *Asia*,
His conqu'ring banner from *Euphrates* shook

And

And Syria, to Lydia and Ionia ;

Whilst —

Ant. Anthony thou wouldst say.

Mes. Oh, my Lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue,
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome.

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lye still ; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing ; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? speak there.

Mes. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one ? *[Exit.*

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear ;
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose my self in dotage. What are you ?

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

2 Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 Mes. In Sicyon.

Her length of sickness with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.

[Exit Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone ! thus I desir'd it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring does become
The opposite of it self ; she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus* ?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see how
mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our depar-
ture, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone,

Eno.

Eno. Un-
were pity to
them and a
Cleopatra cat-
I have seen
I do think th
loving act up
Ant. She
Eno. Al-
but the finer
and waters,
tempests tha
ning in her
Jove.

Ant. W-
Eno. O-
of work, w
discredited
Ant. Fu-
Eno. S-
Ant. Fu-
Eno. F-
Ant. D-
Eno. V-

when it p
from him,
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Ant. T-
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Eno.
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Ant. N-
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The caus

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Æno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noise of this dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such alacrity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Æno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Æno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Æno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Æno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Æno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, they shew to man the tailors of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are numbers to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, cannot endure my absence.

Æno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra*, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more light answers: let our officers have notice what we purpose. I shall break the cause of our expedience to the Queen,

And

And get her leave to part. For not alone
 The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
 Doth strongly speak t'us; but the letters too
 Of many of our contriving friends in *Rome*
 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
 The empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people,
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier; whose quality going on
 The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which, like the * courser's hair, hath yet but life
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Æno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's.
 I did not send you; if you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish, forbear;
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and sullen.

* Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into
 corrupted water, will turn to an animal.

Ant.

Ant. I a
Cleo. He
 It cannot b
 Will not it
Ant. No
Cleo. Pr
Ant. W
Cleo. I k
 What says
 Would the
 Let her not
 I have no
Ant. T
Cleo. O
 So mightily
 I saw the
Ant. C
Cleo. W
 Though yo
 Who have
 To be enta
 Which bre
Ant. M
Cleo. N
 But bid far
 Then was
 Eternity w
 Bliss in ou
 But was a
 Or thou t
 Art turn'd
Ant. F
Cleo. I
 There we
Ant. F
 The stron
 Our servic
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Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature [*Seeming to faint.*
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen, —

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good news.
What says the marry'd woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come;
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know —

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*, —

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness!
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,
Bliss in our brows, none of our parts so poor,
But was a ray of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest soldier of the world
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know
There were a heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.

Equality of two domestick pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thriven
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best.
See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shou'dst fill
With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices: by the fire
That quickens *Nilus's* slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.

I pr'ythee turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more,

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant.

Ant. No

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thing.

Ant. Now by my sword —

Cleo. And target. Still he mends,
But this is not the best. Look pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean* Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word :

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it,
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it,
That you know well ; something it is I would :
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.*

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you ! On your sword
Sit lawrell'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go : come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Cæsar's Palace in Rome.*

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice, to hate
A great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news ; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revels ; not more manly
Than *Cleopatra* ; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*

* *All forgotten*, is an old way of speaking for, *apt to forget every thing*.

256 Antony and Cleopatra.

More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
You shall find there a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think

They're evils enough to darken all his goodness ;
His faults in him seem as the spots of ermine,
Or fires by night's blackness : hereditary,
Rather than purchast ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat ; say this becomes him ;
(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness ;
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours ; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who immature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd *Cæsar* : to the ports
The discontent's repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less ;
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is, was wish'd until he wore ;

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Mes. *Cæs.*
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And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
'Comes 'dear'd by being lack'd. The common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lacquying the varying tide
To rot it self with motion.

Mef. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menat*, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as (seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
From *Mutina* wert beaten, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, which thou fought'st against
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,)
Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it that we twain
Did shew our selves i'th' field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæsar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,

To front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too.

Lep. Farewel, my Lord;
What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad
I shall beseech you let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir, I knew it for my bond.
Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, that is treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou eunuch, *Mardian!*

Mar. What is your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure

In ought an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,

That being unfeminin'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing.

But what indeed is honest to be done;

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

Oh happy horse to bear the weight of *Antony!*

Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm

And burget of man. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me; now I feed my self

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With most delicious poison: Think on me,
That am with *Phœbus*' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter *Alexas*.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cin hath
With his tinct gilded thee. How goes it with
My brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kist, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will pace
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shalt call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beast-like dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad
Or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between
Th' extremes of hot and cold, he was not sad
Nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition!
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'st thou sad, or merry.
The violence of either thee becomes,

So do's it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to *Antony*,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.

Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,

Ever love *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days!

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!

To say as I said then! — But come away,

Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day

A several greeting, or I'll unpeople *Egypt*. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,

That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of our selves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit

By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;

My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*

In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæsar* gets money where
He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field, a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From *Silius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; they are in *Rome* together looking
For *Antony*; but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both;
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even to a *Lethe'd* dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,

'Twere

'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
 Come, *Menas*.

SCENE II. ROME.

Enter Ænobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Ænobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, t' entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Æno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
 Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,
 And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
 Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
 I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
 For private stomaching.

Æno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Æno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
 But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Æno. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*. —
 Hark thee, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know, *Mecænas*; ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,
 That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard! When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,

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Cæs.

(The rather for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then —

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my self offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world: more laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately; when to sound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake the business: my brother never
Did urge me in this act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reporters
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your self,

By

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By laying defects of Judgment to me : but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;

I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another ;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enq. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women.

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet ; for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my letters ; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted : then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning : but next day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife : if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak,
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it : but on, *Cæsar*,
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

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Ant. Neglected rather ;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here ;
For which my self, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need
Speaks to attune you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

Æno. Or if you borrow one another's love for the in-
stant, you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey*
return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when
you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Æno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Æno. Go to then : your confederate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia* : great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa* ;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd for rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar* ; let me hear
Agrippa further speak,

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
 With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men;
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears; which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
 Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
 Would each to other, and all loves to both
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
 With what is spoke.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*
 (If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,)
 To make this good?

Cæs. The power of *Cæsar*, and
 His power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
 Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand:
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
 At heel of that desire him,

Lep.

Lep.
 Of us m
 Or else h

Ant.

Cæs.

Ant.

Cæs.

He is an

Ant.

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Cæs.

And do i

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M.

Mec.

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honourab

Agr.

Mec.

digested:

Eno.

and made

Mec.

but twelv

Eno.

more mo

noting.

Mec.

to her.

Eno.

his heart

Agr.

well for

Lep. Time calls on's :
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lyes he ?

Cæs. About the mount *Misenum*.

Ant. What's his strength ?

Cæs. By land great and increasing, but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So's the fame.

Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Manent *Ænobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Æno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas* ! my
honourable friend *Agrippa* !

Agr. Good *Ænobarbus* !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested : you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Æno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and
but twelve persons there ; — Is this true ?

Æno. This was but as a flie by an eagle : we had much
more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square
to her.

Æno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up
his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed : or my reporter devis'd
well for her.

Æno. I will tell you ;
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne
 Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
 The winds were love-sick with 'em ; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description ; she did lye
 In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
 O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
 The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Ag. Oh rare for *Antony* !

Æno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*, or
 So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackles
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and *Antony*
 Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air ; which but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Ag. Rare *Egyptian* !

Æno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
 Invited her to supper : she reply'd,
 It should be better he became her guest ;
 Which she entreated. Courteous *Antony*,
 Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
 And for his ordinary pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench !

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Æno.
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Mec. N
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Mec.
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Ag.
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Æno.

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Caf.

Ant.
Scorb
 thither.

Ant.

She

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Æno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony*
Must leave her utterly.

Æno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bless'd allot'ry to him.

Ag. Let us go.
Good *Ænobarbus*, make your self my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Æno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good-night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule ; good-night, dear Lady.

Oct. Good-night, Sir.

Cæs. Good-night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

SCENE IV. *Enter Soothsayer.*

Ant. Now, firrah ! do you wish your self in *Ægypt* ?

Sooth. Would I had ne'er come from thence, or you
thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

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Sooth. I see it in my notion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher, *Cæsar's* or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side:

Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, couragious, high, unmatched, Where *Cæsar's* is not. But near him thy angel Becomes a fear, as being overpower'd;

And therefore make thou space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee; —

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou'rt sure to lose: he's of that natural luck

He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him:

But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [Exit Sooth.

He shall to *Parthia*.—Be it art, or hap,

He hath spoke true: The very dice obey him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints

Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;

His cocks do win the battel still of mine,

When it is all to nought: and his quails * ever

Beat mine, in-coop'd at odds. It will to *Ægypt*;

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I th' East my pleasure lyes. Oh come, *Ventidius*,

Enter *Ventidius*.

You must to *Parthia*, your commission's ready:

Follow me and receive't. [Exeunt.

Enter *Lepidus*, *Mecænas*, and *Agrippa*.

Lep. Trouble your selves no farther: pray you hasten

Your Generals after.

Ag. Sir, *Mark Antony*.

* *Lucian* relates that at *Athens* Quail-fighting was exhibited at shews: and many other ancient Authors mention it as a sport much in use.

Will

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Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lépidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Botb. Good success!

Lep. Farewel! [Exit.

SCENE V. The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some musick: musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let us to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, tho't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there
My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-fin fish; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! — oh times! —

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night

I laugh'd him into patience, and next morn

Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed;

Then

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword *Philippine*. Oh from *Italy*,—

Enter a Messenger.

Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam! madam!

Cleo. Antony's dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that Kings

Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*

Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,

Thou should'st come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;

Yet if thou say *Antony* lives, 'tis well,

Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.*

* It was a ceremony among the Eastern nations at coronations, triumphs, and great festivals, that their Kings sitting in state had showers of gold and pearl and precious stones pour'd down upon them: to which custom Milton also alludes:

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbarick Pearl and Gold. B. ii. v. 3.

This fact is verified by Historians. In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlain written by a Persian a cotemporary Author, are the following words as they are translated by *Mon. Petit de la Croix* in the account there given of his Coronation. B. ii. chap. i.

Les Princes du sang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains
sur sa tête quantité d'Or & de pierres selon la coutume.

And

Mes. M

Cleo. W

Mes. A

Cleo. T

Mes. C

Cleo. M

Mes. I

Cleo. I

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liers.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mef. *Cæsar* and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me!

Mef. But yet, Madam —

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it do's allay

The good precedent; fie upon *but yet*;

But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,

In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.

He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, have but patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She bales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

And at the bottom of the page is this note;

Cette coutume subsiste encore aujourd'hui non seulement au couronnement des Princes mais encore aux mariages des Particuliers.

Mef.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*]

Mef. Nay then I'll run :

What mean you, Madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile* ; and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents ! Call the slave again ;

Though I am mad, I will not bite him ; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than my self : since I my self

Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news : give to a gracious message

An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If you again say yes.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee, dost thou hold there still ?

Mef. Should I lie, Madam ?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst ;

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald'd snakes ! Go get thee hence,

Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly : he is married ?

Mef. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mef. Take no offence, for I would not offend you ;

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal : he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That say'st but what thou'rt sure of ! Get thee hence,

The merchandises thou hast brought from *Rome*

Are all too
Lye they up

Char. G

Cleo. In

Char. M

Cleo. I

I faint ; oh

Go to the f

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Her inclina

The colour

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Antony and Cleopatra.

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Are all too dear for me :

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[Exit Mes.]

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now : lead me from hence,

I faint ; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* —— 'tis no matter. ——

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly, ——

Let him for ever go —— let him not, *Charmian*, ——

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,

Th' other way he's a *Mars*. —— Bid you *Alexas*

Bring word how tall she is : pity me, *Charmian*,

But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The Coast of Italy near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas at one door with drum and trumpet : At another *Cæsar*, *Lepidus*, *Antony*, *Ænobarbus*, *Mecænas*, *Agrippa*, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent,

Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the Gods. —— I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends ; since *Julius Cæsar*,

Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was it

That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire ? and what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman *Brutus*,

With

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With the arm'd rest, courtiers of heauteous freedom;
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? and that is it
Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offer we have sent you——

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Antony*
Puts me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling; you must know
When *Cæsar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,

And am w
Which I

Pom.

I did not

Ant.

That call

For I've

Cæs.

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Pom.

I crave o

And seal

Cæs.

Pom.

Draw lot

Ant.

Pom.

But first

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Ant.

Pom.

Ant.

Pom.

And I ha

Æno.

Pom.

Æno.

Pom.

Æno.

Four feat

Pom.

I never

When I

Vol.

And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well I know not
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart a vassal.

Lep. Well met here!

Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to it.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried —

Æno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Æno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, soldier?
[To *Ænobarbus*.

Æno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Vol. VII.

A a

Æno.

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Æno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew us the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Ænob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this
treaty.

You and I have known, Sir. [*To Ænobarbus.*]

Æno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Æno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land:

Æno. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Æno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safe-
ty: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Æno. There I deny my land-service; but give me your
hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might
take two thieves kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatfoe'er their hands are.

Æno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Æno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Æno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony*
here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Æno. *Cæsar's* sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Æno. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Æno. 'Tis true.

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Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

Æno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Æno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Æno. Not he that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Æno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Egypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A a 2

Trumpets.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Ænobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile
By certain scale, i' th' pyramid; they know
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher *Nilus* swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be: but I'll ne'er out.

Æno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in,
'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemy's* pyramis
are very goodly things; without contradiction I have
heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me 'till anon.

[*Whispers.*

This wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad as
it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with
its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and
the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the healths that *Pompey* gives him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!

Do

Do as I bid

Men. I

Rise from

Pom.

Men.

Pom.

Be jolly,

Ant.

Keep off

Men.

Pom.

Men.

Pom.

Men.

Although

Will give

Pom.

Men.

Thou art

Whate'er

Is thine,

Pom.

Men.

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Pom.

Ant.

Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith; what's else
Be jolly, Lords. [to say?

Ant. These quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it, and
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villainy,
In thee't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour it: repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Æno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Ænobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Æno. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*. [*Pointing to Lep.*]

Men. Why?

Æno. He bears the third part of the world, man! seest not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels.

Æno. Drink thou, encrease the reeks.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the vessels, ho.
Here is to *Cæsar*.

Cæf. I could well forbear it;
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæf. Possess't, I'll answer; but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Æno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now
Th' *Egyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep't our sense
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Æno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
The while I'll place you, then the boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall bear as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays.* *Ænobarbus* places them hand in hand.]

The S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the wine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us 'till the world go round,
Cup us 'till the world go round,*

Cæf.

Cæf. W

Let me re
Frowns at
You see v
Is weaken
Splits wh
Antickt
Good An

Pom.

Ant.

Pom.

But what

Æno.

Men.

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Æno.

Men.

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Ven.

Enough

Antony and Cleopatra. 283

Cæs. What would you more? *Pompey*, good-night. Good brother,

Let me request you, off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Ænobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.

But what? we're friends: come down into the boat.

Æno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on shore:

No, to my cabin—these drums! these trumpets! what!

Let *Neptune* hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Æno. Hoo says a! there's my cap.

Men. Ho, noble captain, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in Syria.

*Enter Ventidius as in Triumph, the dead body of Pacorus
born before him, Silius, Roman Soldiers and Attendants.*

Ven. **N**OW, darting *Parthia*, art thou struck, and now
Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Crassus'* death

Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body

Before our host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,

Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,

The fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spur through *Media*,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly. So thy grand captain *Antony*

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and

Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. *Silius*, I've done

Enough. A lower place, note well, may make

Too

Too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*, better
 To leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 Too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar and *Antony* have ever won
 More in their officer, than person. *Sofius*,
 One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour,
 Who does i'th' wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
 (The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darkens him. I could do more
 To do *Antonius* good, but 'twould offend him;
 And in his offence should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
 A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:
 Thou wilt write to *Antony*.

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his name,
 (That magical word of war) we have effected;
 How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of *Partbia*
 We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
 The weight we must convey with's will permit,
 We shall appear before him. Pass along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. ROME.

Enter *Agrippa* at one door, *Ænobarbus* at another.

Ag. What, are the brothers parted?

Æno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
 The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps
 To part from *Rome*; *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*,
 Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
 With the green-sickness.

Ag. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Æno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*!

Ag. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

Æno. *Cæsar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Ag. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?

Æno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh the non-parcell!

Ag.

Ag. Of Antony? oh the Arabian bird!

Æno. Would you praise *Cæsar*? say, *Cæsar*! go no further.

Ag. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Æno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, hoo! his love to *Antony*.
But as for *Cæsar*, kneel, kneel down, and wonder.

Ag. Both he loves.

Æno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So —
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [Trumpets.

Ag. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortrefs of it; for much better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort; fare thee well!

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her eyes, it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —→

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Oct.

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Æno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Ag. He has a cloud in's face;

Æno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Ag. Why, *Ænobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cryed almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Æno. That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; [*Embracing him.*] thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewel!

Ant. Farewel!

[*Kisses Octavia.*]

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head

I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:—come thou near.

Mess.

Mess. M

Cleo. Di

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Mess. M

Cleo. V

Mess. A

Cleo. B

Mess. F

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They're f

Mess. E

As low as

Mes. Most gracious Majesty!

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:

And saw her led between her brother and

Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue, and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gate? remember

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.*

Char. Three in *Ægypt*

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mes. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For th' most part too,

They're foolish that ate so. Her hair what colour?

Mes. Brown, Madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

* *Observance* is here used for *Observation*.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,
Our letters are prepar'd.

[Exit *Mes.*]

Cbar. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Methinks by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Cbar. O nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Cbar. Hath he seen majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long.

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Cbar. I warrant you, Madam.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. ATHENS.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To publick ear, spoke scantily of me;
And when at any time perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth,

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, *O bless my Lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,

Let

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honour,
I lose my self ; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's ; the mean time, Lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall strain your brother ; make your soonest haste,
So your desires are yours.

Off. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of power make me, although most weak,
Your reconciler ! wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should soder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ænobarbus and Eros.

Æno. How now, friend *Eros* ?

Eros. There's strange news come, Sir.

Æno. What, man ?

Eros. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war
On *Pompey*.

Æno. This is old ; what's the success ?

Eros. *Cæsar* having made use of him i'th' wars
'Gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalry :
Would not let him partake of the glory of them ;
Not resting here, accuses him of letters
Which he had formerly written to *Pompey*.
Upon his own appeal he seizes him,
So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge
His confine.

Æno. Then, World ! thou hast a pair of chaps, no more :
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind each other. Where is *Antony* ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus ; and spurns
The rush that lyes before him. Crys, *Post* *Lepidus* !

VOL. VII.

B b

And

And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd *Pompey*.

Æno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more, *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Æno. 'Twill be naught,
But let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Palace in Rome.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I' th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place where they exercise,
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus
Inform'd; who, queasie with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agg. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*, for that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets

That

That *Lep*
Should be
All his r

Agg.

Cæs.

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That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agg. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone :
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with Attendants.

Off. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my Lord ! hail, most dear *Cæsar* !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away !

Off. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why hast thou stol'n upon me thus ? you come not
Like *Cæsar's* sister ; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have born men, and expectation faint'd
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops : but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostent of our love ; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd ; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Off. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal ; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Off. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, he is in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Lybia*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of Jewry, *Mitridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of *Mede*, and *Lycæonia*,
With a larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ah me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agg. Welcome, Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.

Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs.

Cæs. I
Be ever k

Cleo. I
Æno.
Cleo. T
And say
Æno.
Cleo. I
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A soldier
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Cæs. It is most certain : sister, welcome ; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. ACTIUM.

Enter Cleopatra, and Ænobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Æno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast bespoke my being in these wars ;
And say'st it is not fit.

Æno. Well ; is it, is it ?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us ? why should not we
Be there in person ?

Æno. Well I could reply ;
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were meerly lost ; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Æno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony* ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i'th' war,
And as the president of my kingdom will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Æno. Nay, I have done :
Here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is't not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Toryne* ? You have heard on't, sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackness. Come, *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else ?

Can. Why will my Lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us.

Æno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Æno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners muleteers and reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought ;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy : no disgrace
Shall 'fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Æno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your self meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. Why, I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. If we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mes. The news is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible :
Strange that his power should be. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship.
Away, my *Tibetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ?

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Sol. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? let the *Egyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking : we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Ænob.*]

Sold. By *Hercules*, I think I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't : so our leader's led,
And we are womens men.

Sold. You keep by land.

The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Jullius*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for sea.

But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls for *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth,
Each minute, form : [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. *Taurus* !

Taur. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroul : our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antony and Ænobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o'th' hill,
In eye of *Cæsar's* battle ; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Canidius *Marching with his land Army one way over the stage, and Taurus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Ænobarbus.*

Æno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
 * Th' Antonias th' Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, flies and turns the rudder:
 To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddeffes, all the whole synod of them!

Æno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
 With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
 Kingdoms and provinces.

Æno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
 Where death is sure. Yond ribauld nag of Egypt,
 (Whom leprosie o'ertake!) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
 (When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;) *June*
 The brize upon her, like a cow in *June*,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

Æno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof, *Antony*,
 The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
 Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
 I never saw an action of such shame;
 Experience, manhood, honour ne'er before
 Did violate so it self.

Æno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:

* Th' Antonias, &c. (which *Plutarch* says was the name of *Cleopatra's* ship)

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Oh he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Æno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then good-night
Indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to't. And there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions and my horse; six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Æno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of *Antony*; though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled my self, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it — oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now —
Nay, do so; for indeed I've lost command,
Therefore, I pray you — I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down:*
Enter

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Cleo. Do ! why, what else ? let me
Sit down ; oh *Juno* !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir ?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam !

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress !

Eros. Sir, Sir, my Lord !

Ant. Yes, yes ; he at *Philippi* kept

His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook

The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I

That the sad *Brutus* ended ; he alone

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had

In the brave squares of war ; yet now — no matter —

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen —

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,

He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me : oh !

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches ;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;

A most un noble swerving —

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Aegypt* ? see

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,

By looking back on what I've left behind

'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord ; my Lord ;

Forgive my fearful sails ; I little thought

You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Aegypt*, thou knew'st too well,

My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,

And thou should'st tow me after. O'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that

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Next, *Cle*

Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon !

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Oh ! pardon, pardon !

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates
All that is won and lost : give me a kiss,
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back ? Love, I am full of lead ;
Some wine there, and our viands : fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreüs, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from *Antony*.

Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony* :

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt* ; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in *Athens* : this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness ;

Submits

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,

I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise, [*To Thyreüs,*
And in our name ; when she requires, add more
As thine invention offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreüs*,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his slave,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Ænobarbus* ?

Æno. Drink, and die.*

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this ?

Æno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow you ?
The itch of his affection should not then

* This reply of *Ænobarbus* seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* which is related by *Plutarch* : that after their defeat at *Actium* they instituted a society of friends who enter'd into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of that luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had lived before.

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Antony and Cleopatra.

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Have nickt his captainship at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to curse your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen

Shall then have courtesie, so she will yield
Us up.

Amb. My Lord, he says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my Lord ?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should note
Something particular ; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay caparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Our selves alone ; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*]

Æno. Yes, like enough : high-battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' shew
Against a sworder. I see mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness ! *Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ? see, my women —
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,

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That

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Æno. Mine honesty and I begin to square ;
Tho' loyalty well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly ; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Do's conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæsar's* will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None here but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So haply are they friends to *Antony*.

Æno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has ;
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : for as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar's*.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; *Cæsar* intreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on ; right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Do's pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

Æno. To be sure of that,
I will ask *Antony*. Sir, thou'rt so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Thyr. Shall I say to *Cæsar*

What you require of him ? he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,

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And put your self under his shroud, the great,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyrēus*.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. It is your noblest course:
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar*'s father,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antony, and Ænobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders —

[*Seeing Thyrēus kiss her hand,*

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Æno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there — ah you kite! now, Gods and
devils!

Authority melts from me of late. When I
Cry'd, *Ho!* like boys unto a muf, Kings would
Start forth, and cry, *Your will?* have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this jack and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Æno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him: were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them

So sawcy with the hand of her here, (what's her name
 Since she was *Cleopatra* ?)—whip him, fellows —
 'Till like a boy you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony —

Ant. Tug him away ; being whipp'd
 Bring him again, this jack of *Cæsar*'s shall
 Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyræus.*
 You were half blasted ere I knew you : ha ! [*To Cleopatra.*
 Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
 Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
 By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my Lord —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
 (Oh misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our eyes
 In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
 Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
 Dead *Cæsar*'s trencher : nay, you were a fragment
 Of *Cneus Pompey*, besides what hotter hours
 Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
 Though you can guess what temperance should be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
 And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
 My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts ! — O that I were
 Upon the hill of *Babylon*, to out-roar
 The horned herd, for I have savage cause ;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd ?

Enter a Servant with Thyræus.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

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Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth

The white hand of a lady feaver thee,

Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cæsar*,

Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say,

He makes me angry with him: for he seems

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,

Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,

And at this time most easie 'tis to do't;

When my good stars, that were my former guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike

My speech, and what is done, tell him he has

Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,

As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:

Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

[*Exit Thyrs.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,

And it portend alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. If I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,

And poison't in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck; as it determines, so

Dissolve my life; the next *Cæsarion* smite!

'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,

Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,

By the discandying of this pelleted storm,

Lye graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*

Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I'm satisfied;

Cæsar sets down 'fore *Alexandria*, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and float, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, Lady?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood,
 and my sword will earn my chronicle:
 There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gawdy night: call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day,
 I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my Lord is
Antony again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to 'em, and to-night I'll force
 The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my Queen;
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me: for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Æno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be furious
 Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
 The dove will peck the estridge. I see still
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
 Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, with Agrippa, Mæcenas, and his Army.

Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. **H**E calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
He hath many other ways to die : mean time
I at this challenge laugh.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battels
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done,
And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony* ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius* ?

Æno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Æno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Æno. I'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said, come on :
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

Enter

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
 Thou hast been rightly honest ; so hast thou,
 And thou, and thou, and thou : you've serv'd me well,
 And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Æno. 'Tis one of those odd freaks which sorrow shoots
 Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too :
 I wish I could be made so many men,
 And all of you clapt up together in
 An *Antony*, that I might do you service,
 So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;
 Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
 As when mine empire was your fellow too,
 And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Æno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
 May be it is the period of your duty,
 Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
 A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away, but like a master
 Married to your good service, stay 'till death :
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the Gods yield you for't !

Æno. What mean you, Sir,
 To give them this discomfort ? look, they weep.
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd ; for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho :
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! my hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense ;
 I spake t'you for your comfort, did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,

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 Do hear
 2 Sold
 Omnes
 1 Sold
 3 Sold
 1 Sold
 Let's see

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Court of Guard before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : what news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour ; good-night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good-night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you ; good-night, good-night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Here we ; and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Musick i' th' air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

It signs well, do's it not ?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace I say : what should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters ?

Omnes. How now ? how now ? do you hear this ?

1 *Sold.* Is't not strange ?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,

Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes.

Omnes. Content : 'tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine armour, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck : Eros, come, mine armour, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on ;

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for ? ah, let be, let be, thou art
The armourer of my heart ; false, false ; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth-la I'll help : thus must it be.

Ant. Well, well,

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow ?

Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Oh ! rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

'Thou fumblest, Eros, and my Queen's a Squire

More tight at this than thou ; dispatch. O love !

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation ; thou should'st see

A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome ;

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair ; good-morrow, General.

All. Good-morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads !

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That

That mean

So, so ; c

Fare thee

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Trumpets

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Say, tha

That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so ; come, give me that, — this way — well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment ; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't : adieu. [Exeunt.

Char. Please you retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great war in single fight !
Then *Antony* — but now — well, on. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *A Camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros : an old Soldier
meeting them.*

Sold. The Gods make this a happy day to *Antony* !

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land !

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Eros. Who ?

One ever near thee. Call for *Ænobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings :
Sny, that I wish he never find more cause

To

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To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my Eros.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Ænobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agg. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Mark Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, Agrippa;
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[Exeunt.

Æno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did perswade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony. For his pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him: Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar.

Sold. Ænobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Æno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Ænobarbus,
I tell you true: best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't my self. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[Exit.

Æno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. Oh Antony,

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Antony and Cleopatra.

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Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! — no, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul't best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agg. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Caesar himself has work, our opposition
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed;
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here, that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee,
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter Antony again in a March,
Scarus with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our gestures; to-morrow
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;

VOL. VII,

D d

For

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you serv'd my cause, but as't had been
 Each man's like mine; you've shewn your selves all *HeActors*.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand, [*To Scarus*,

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great * fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' th' world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords,

Oh infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare, uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We've beat them to their beds. What! girl, though grey
 Do something mingle with our brown, yet have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
 Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day,
 As if a God in hate of mankind had
 Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy *Phæbus*' car. Give me thy hand;
 Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,
 Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together,
 And drink carowles to the next day's fate
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
 Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,

* The word *Fairy* here is to be understood in the sense of *incantress* which it often carries in the old Romances.

That

That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Ænobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to th' court of guard ; the night
 Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattel
 By th' second hour i' th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was
 A shrewd one to's.

Æno. O bear me witness, night !

2 Watch. What man is this ?

1 Watch. Stand close, and listen to him.

Æno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory ; poor *Ænobarbus* did
 Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Ænobarbus* ?

3 Watch. Peace ;
 Hark further.

Æno. Oh sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disperse upon me !
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
 Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular,
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :
 Oh *Antony* ! oh *Antony* !

[*Dies.*]

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern *Cæsar*.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

D d 2

1 Watch.

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1 Watch. Hear, you Sir!

Cent. The hand of death hath caught him.

[Drums afar off.]

Hark how the drums din early wakes the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note. Our hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on,

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord:

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoyning to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which as I take't we shall not; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[Exeant.]

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd:

Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all.

I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*

Scar. Swallows have built

In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

[Exit.]

SCENE X. ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!

This

This foul *Ægyptian* hath betrayed me,
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we shake hands — all come to this! — the hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false soul of *Ægypt*! this gay charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
What, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blēmish *Cæsar*'s triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex. Monster-like be the shew
For poor't diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

[*Exit Cleopatra.*

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage,
Let thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'th' moon,
And with those hands that graspt the heaviest club,

Subdue thy worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To th' Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under her plot: she dies for't. *Eros*, ho! [Exit.

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Tbessaly*
Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' monument,
There lock your self, and send him word you're dead:
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' monument:

Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self,
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me, how he takes my death, to th' monument.
[Exeunt.

SCENE XI. Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'st seen these signs,
They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dissimins, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Aegypt*; and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
A million more, now lost! she, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory

Unto

Unto an enemy's triumph —

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vile lady!

Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, sawcy eunuch, peace,
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she rendred life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe

[*To Mardian.*

Does pay thy labour richly; go. Pluck off; [*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,

Crack thy frail case! apace, *Eros*, apace,

No more a soldier—bruised pieties, go; [*Unarming himself.*

You have been nobly born,—from me a while,—[*Ex. Eros.*

I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and

Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now

All length is torture; since thy torch is out,

Lye down and stray no further. Now all labour

Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles

It self with strength; sleep then and all is done.

Eros!—I come, my Queen—*Eros*!—stay for me,

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;

Dido

Dido and her *Sichæus* * shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,

I live in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Nepiune's* back
With ships, made cities; condemn my self, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I'm conqueror of my self. 'Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror; that on my command thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!

Shall I do that which all the *Partbian* darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar* drawn before him branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bid thee? do it at once,

* --- Coniux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem.

Virg. Æn. lib. vi. v. 473.

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpropoſ'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.]

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do

The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear maſter,

My captain, and my Emp'r'r! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, Farewel!

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man, and farewel!

Eros. Farewel, great chief! Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then—thus I do eſcape the ſorrow
Of Antony's death. [Eros kills himſelf.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than my ſelf!

Thou teacheſt me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A nobleneſs in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then, and, *Eros*,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus

[Falling on his ſword.]

I learnt of thee.—How, not yet dead? not dead?—

The guard—how!—oh! diſpatch me!

SCENE XII. *Enter Dercetas and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends: O make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fall'n.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[Exeunt.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with theſe tidings,

Shall

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword, and give
Sufficing strokes for death. [me]

Dio. Most absolute Lord,

My mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her monument!

She had, alas! a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my guard I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The guard, what,
Come, your Lord calls. [ho!

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out!

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Antony.]

SCENE XIII. *A magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo.

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Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out
O'th' other side, his guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony born by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,

Turn from the sphere thou mov'st in ! darkling stand
The varying shore o'th' world ! O *Antony* !
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Iras*, help ; help, friends,
Below there, let us draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying ; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon that I dare not,
Left I be taken ; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, operation, or sting, I am safe :
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
(Help me, my women) we must draw thee up ——
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed ; how heavy weighs my Lord !
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,

And

And let thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
 Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come —

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*]

And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd,
 Quickened with kissing; had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
 That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;

None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
 None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
 Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
 Wherein I liv'd; the greatest Prince o'th' world,
 The noblest once; and now not basely die,
 Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman; a *Roman*, by a *Roman*
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
 I can no more —

[*Antony dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of men! — woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty? O see, my women!
 The crown o'th' earth doth melt — my Lord! —
 Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
 Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable,
 Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. Oh quietness, Lady.

Isas. She is dead too, our Sovereign.

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Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam!

Iras. Royal *Ægypt*! Empress!

Cleo. Peace, peace, *Iras*.

No more but a meer woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stoll'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is fottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What? what? good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian*?
My noble girls?—ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out—good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend,
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt bearing off Antony's body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Proculeius, Gallus, and Train.

Cæs. GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him, he but mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exit Dolabella.*]

Enter Dercetas with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*,

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,

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He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack in nature. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of *Antony*
Is not a single doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife: but that self-hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart it self. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The Gods rebuke me but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, Gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O *Antony*!
I've follow'd thee to this — but we do launce
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament

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With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor,
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle ; that our stars
Unreconcilable should divide

Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends —
But I will tell you at some meeter season.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Now whence are you ?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet ; the Queen my mistress
Confin'd in all she has (her monument)
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preserve thee !

[*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no shame ; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exit Pro.*

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along ; where's *Dolabella*, [*Exit Gal.*
To second *Proculeius* ?

All. *Dolabella* !

Cæs. Let him alone ; for I remember now
How he's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]S C E N E II. *The Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and
Seleucus, above.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which makes us sleep, nor palate more the dug
O'th' beggar's nurse and *Cæsar*'s.

Enter Proculeius, and Gallus, below.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel for to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid * for kindness,
Where-he for grace is kneel'd to.

* *Praying in aid* is a Law-term used for a petition made in a Court of Justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

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Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his fortunes vassal, and I bend to
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Gall. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.

[*They enter the Monument by a ladder.*]

Pro. Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. Oh royal Queen, —

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold :

Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?

Come hither, come : oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, Lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir :
If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I

Will not wait pin'on'd at your master's Court,

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye

Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,

And shew me to the shouting varletry

Of cens'ring *Rome* ? rather a ditch in *Egypt*

Be gentle grave to me ! rather on *Nilus'* mud

Lay me stark-naked, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring ! rather make

My country's highest *Pyramid* my gibbet,

And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horreur further than you shall
Find cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done my master *Cæsar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her:
To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please, [*To Cleopatra.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exeunt Proculeius and Gallus.*

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

*Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?*

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

*Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emp'rour Antony;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!*

Dol. If it might please ye —

*Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little orb o' th' earth.*

Dol. Most sovereign creature —

*Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were-dolphin-like, they shew'd their back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket,*

Dol.

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Dol. Cleopatra —

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with fancy; yet to form
An *Antony*, were nature's prize 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:

Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answer'ing to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.

Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable —

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will,

I know't.

All. Make way there — *Cæsar.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel;

I pray you rise, rise, *Ægypt.*

Cleo. Sir, the Gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,

I cannot parget mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course; you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am possist of — 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted — where's *Seleucus*?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known,

Cæs. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. *Cæsar*! behold

How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd. What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog,
O rarely base!

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Cæs.

Cleo.
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Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so weak, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee go hence,
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of mischance: wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We pander others merits with our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of conquest, still be't yours:
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your poison; no, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my Lord!

Cæs. Not so: adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train.*]

S C E N E IV.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to my self. But hark thee, *Charmian*. [*Whispers.*
Iras.]

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright day is done;
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste.

Cbar. Madam, I will.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Iras. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will be send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Cæsar*. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, shall be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasie aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy listers
Will catch at us like strumpets, and stall'd rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy * my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore.

* Heretofore the parts of women were acted upon the stage by boys.

Iras.

Irás. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Irás. I'll never see it; for I'm sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most assur'd intents. Now, *Charmian*:

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for *Cydnus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Irás*, go ——
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou'ast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day — bring our crown, and all.

[*A noise within.*

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit Guardsman.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him.

[*Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is im-
mortal: those that do die of it, do seldom or never re-
cover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest wo-
man,

man, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm: but he that will believe half that they say, shall never be saved by all that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the devil drefs her not. But truly, these same whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their women: for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy o' th' worm. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 *Immortal longings in me. Now no more
 The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick — methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
 T' excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So — have you done?

Come

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel. [*Kissing them.*
Have I the aspick in my lips? dost fall?

[*To Iras, who falls down.*

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

[*Iras dies.*

Cbar. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base —

If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate

[*To the Serpent, applying it to her breast.*

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* as,
Unpoliced!

Cbar. Oh eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Cbar. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.
O *Antony*! — nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another Asp to her arm.*

What should I say —

[*Dies.*

Cbar. In this wild world? so fare thee well:
Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lyes
A las unparallel'd. Downy windows close,
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your crown's awry,
I'll mend it, and then play —

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the Queen?

Cbar. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. *Cæsar* hath sent — [*Charmian applies the Asp.*

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Cbar.

Char. Too slow a messenger.

Oh come, apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well: *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

3 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian*? is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess

Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldiers! —

[*Charmian dies.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thy self art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last,
She levell'd at our purpose, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress, tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakniess!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

The like is on her arm,

1 *Guard.*

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail,
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

Cæs. Most probable

That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument ;
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral,
And then to *Rome* : come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the SEVENTH VOLUME.



THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

